

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD, . . .	<i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . .	771
II. THE RUSSIAN PEASANT'S SILVER ROUBLES. Translated for THE LIVING AGE from the French of	<i>Henry Greville,</i>	791
III. THE HOUSE OF LORDS,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	797
IV. TITIAN,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	806
V. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part VII.,	<i>Examiner,</i>	816
VI. BURNS AND WASHINGTON,	<i>Philadelphia Press,</i>	819
VII. AMERICANISMS,	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	821
VIII. BELIEF IN A CREATOR,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	822
IX. FANS,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	823
. Title and Index to Volume CXXXII.		

POETRY.

WAITING FOR SPRING,	770	ON THE HEIGHTS,	770
GOD'S WAY IS RIGHT,	770	MY QUEST,	824

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WAITING FOR SPRING.

WEARILY waiting for spring! patience is almost gone;
The winds sigh coldly and drearily over the land forlorn;
The trees with outstretched arms standing naked and bare,
Patiently waiting for spring to clothe them, beauty-fair.

Silently waiting for spring! down in their earthly bed,
The tender flowers are longing to lift their bright young heads;
The running burn moves sadly through leafless bramble boughs,
An answering voice of gladness vainly it seeks to arouse.

Longingly waiting for spring! the fading children of earth
Look with a hopeful smile for nature's coming birth;
They dream of a life revived, and raise the drooping head,
As if they fain would catch the first sound of her tread.

Fearfully waiting for spring! for the silent form and voice,
That in her glorious beauty will never more rejoice;
And like a rushing torrent fond mem'ries will awake,
As spring-time breathes again o'er hearts that well-nigh break.

Joyfully waiting for spring! the heart of youth would fain
With happy beaming eyes welcome spring again;
Bringing fresh hopes and pleasures, breathing no sorrow or blight,
Winging them onward with her through all her happy flight.

Peacefully waiting for spring! mind and body at rest,
Lying with folded hands over a passionless breast;
Unheeding the raving blasts and the cold wintry day,
Awaiting the last spring-time, never to pass away.

Golden Hours.

M. C. W.

GOD'S WAY IS RIGHT.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF
RODIGAST.

WHAT God does, that is surely right,
For perfect is his will;
Whilst he my pathway ordereth,
I gladly hold me still.

For he, my God, shall in my need
My guide and guardian be,
And nought I fear whilst this I know,
He watcheth over me.

What God does, that is surely right,
He never can deceive;
Or those who in his love confide
Alone, unaided leave.
In his protection I will trust,
And patient wait the day
When at his bidding all my griefs
Shall pass for aye away.

What God does, that is surely right,
His love can never fail;
No other remedies but those
He gives me can avail
To heal my wounds. I therefore bow
Submissive to his will;
Upon his truth I build my hopes,
And trust his goodness still.

What God does, that is surely right,
He is my life and light,
Who nothing evil can ordain
To those who trust aright.
Though hidden are his dealings now,
The time fast draweth near
When all his wisdom, all his love,
Shall openly appear.

What God does, that is surely right;
Gives he a bitter cup?
I will not fear, but at his word
Obedient drink it up.
The day shall surely dawn at last,
When peace shall overflow
My aching heart, and all my wounds
His healing touch shall know.

What God does that is surely right,
This truth will I maintain;
Yea, though my path in life should prove
Rough, thorny, full of pain,
My heavenly Father's arm shall be
My never-failing stay,
And nought I fear whilst this I know,
He ordereth all my way.

Golden Hours. —ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

As one who climbs unto the mountain's brow
Finds the strong head which served him on
the plain
Dizzy and blind, the heart whose pulse was low
Now throbbing wildly with the upward strain,
So fares the spirit on the heights of thought.
Reason, the manful, blankly stares and reels,
While Love, the childlike, consciously o'erwrought,
Cries out in anguish to the God it feels.
Spectator. H. G. HEWLETT.

From The Quarterly Review.

A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD.*

BOSWELL relates that in giving Johnson an account of an interview with Captain Cook, he said that whilst he was with the captain he caught the enthusiasm of curiosity and adventure, and felt a strong inclination to go with him on his next voyage.

Johnson: Why, sir, a man does feel so till he considers how very little he can learn from such voyages.

Boswell: But one is carried away with the general, grand, and indistinct notion of a voyage round the world.

Johnson: Yes, sir, but a man is to guard himself against taking a thing in general.†

Johnson systematically undervalued the sciences or branches of knowledge which were simply conversant with mere matters of observation or statistics; and as the conversation proceeded, it became evident that when he spoke of the "little that could be learned from such voyages," he was thinking of how little they had added to the common stock of intellectual wealth; how little they had done to enlarge or correct our notions of government, religion, or society. The early circumnavigators were certainly open to this reproach, if it be one. Magellan, Drake, Cavendish, Dampier, were by no means given to speculation or philosophy; and the later adventurers, even those who started avow-

edly for scientific objects, rarely ventured in their researches or reflections beyond the strict domain of navigation, natural history, and geography. Nor are we prepared to say that constitutional lore or the study of morals would have been much the gainers if Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook, instead of confining themselves to their peculiar walks, had attempted to rival Montesquieu in basing systems of legislation or theories of human nature on the manners and customs of Bantam, Otaheite, or Japan. But now that the attainable surface of the globe has been repeatedly surveyed, leaving little to desire in the way of what may be called our objective knowledge of it, the time has come for looking beyond the surface and trying to solve some of the problems in social science suggested by the anomalous customs, manners, and institutions, which travellers have hitherto described or commemorated with a note of wonder or an expression of surprise.

Baron de Hübner was the first to see and seize the opportunity thus presented of striking into a new line. There was no novelty in a voyage round the world, but there was something closely bordering on originality in an expedition on so extended a scale to study the workings of the strangely contrasted forms of civilization or semi-civilization in the countries which lay most directly across his track.

To behold, beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the virgin forests of the Sierra Nevada, civilization in its struggle with savage nature; to behold, in the Empire of the Rising Sun, the efforts of certain remarkable men to launch their country abruptly in the path of progress; to behold, in the Celestial Empire, the silent, constant, and generally passive—but always obstinate—resistance which the spirit of the Chinese opposes to the moral, political, and commercial invasions of Europe,—these are the objects of the journey, or rather of the ramble, which I propose making round the globe.

It would be more correct to say that these are the principal objects, for nearly a third of the work is devoted to the United States, and there is scarcely a topic bearing on the future of the great

* 1. *Promenade autour du Monde*, 1871. Par M. Le Baron de Hübner, Ancien Ambassadeur, Ancien Ministre, Auteur de "Sixte Quint." Cinquième édition, illustrée de 316 gravures, dessinées sur bois par nos plus célèbres artistes. Paris, 1877. [Several of the illustrations of this edition, a splendid volume, are after sketches by the author. The preceding editions are in two volumes, octavo. A sixth, la duodecimo, is in preparation.]

2. *A Ramble Round the World, etc.* Translated by Lady Herbert of Lea. London. In Two Volumes, 1874.

† "Boswell's Johnson," Murray's one-volume edition, by Croker, p. 496. On a subsequent occasion, speaking of "Cook's Voyages," Johnson broke out: "Who will read them through? A man had better work his way before the mast than read them through: they will be eaten by rats and mice before they are read through." Goethe would have taken part with Boswell: "Lord Anson's 'Voyage round the World' combined the worth of truth with the fancy realms of the fairy tale; and whilst we accompanied this excellent seaman in thought, we were carried far in all the world, and sought to follow him with our fingers on the globe." (*"Dichtung und Wahrheit."*)

republic which he has not instructively, if not exhaustively, discussed. He is largely gifted with sensibility, imagination, a cultivated taste for art, a keen perception of the beautiful and sublime in nature; his descriptions of scenery, with the associated emotions, are instinct with the vitality of truth; he is as ready with the pencil as with the pen: but it is all along obvious that the outward aspect of things has only a secondary attraction for him, unless when they supply materials for thought. His own estimate of his vocation, of the true vocation of a traveller, is to

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

and, plunging fearlessly into the maze, he puts forth feelers in all directions to discover the plan. If his mode of proceeding is exceptional, so also are his qualifications, and when he speaks with confidence or authority, let it not be forgotten that it is as a trained politician, a practical and practised statesman that he speaks.

Baron de Hübner, born at Vienna in 1811, was placed, after receiving the regular university education, in the State-Chancery in the department of Prince Metternich, at whose feet he may be regarded as brought up. We find him in 1837 an *attaché* of the Austrian embassy in Paris; in 1841, secretary of embassy in Lisbon; in 1841, consul-general for Saxony at Leipzig; in 1848 he was placed in a highly confidential and responsible position with the archduke Rainier, regent of Lombardy, and was taken prisoner during the insurrection movements of that year. After a brief interval he was chosen by Prince Schwarzenburg to accompany the emperor and imperial family from Schönbrunn to Olmütz. On the formation of the Schwarzenberg-Stadion ministry he was charged with the diplomatic correspondence of the Foreign Office. In March 1849, he was sent on a special mission to Paris, where some months later he was accredited minister plenipotentiary to the president. He represented Austria as minister or ambassador in France till the war of 1859, and it was to him that Louis Napoleon addressed the menacing words which gave warning of the coming storm.

He next went on a special mission to Naples, and after representing Austria at Rome for a few months, he returned home to become minister of police under a government with which he speedily disagreed. In 1865 he was named again Austrian ambassador at Rome, which appointment he held till 1869. In the course of the following year he published his "*Sixte Quint*," which has been faithfully rendered into English by Mr. Hubert Jerningham, the accomplished author of "*Life in a French Chateau*," etc. Indeed, Baron de Hübner has been most fortunate in his translators, especially as regards the book before us. Of the many highly cultivated persons who have adopted or occasionally pursued the unassuming vocation of interpreter between France and England, no one has shown greater command of clear, idiomatic, flowing, and appropriate language than Lady Herbert of Lea, or done more to prove the superiority of English to French in compass, richness, and variety. It is hardly too much to say that she has done for Baron de Hübner's work what Coleridge confessedly did for Schiller's "*Wallenstein*:" that, whilst venturing like him in an occasional departure from the text, she has not only reproduced the glow and animation of his style, but, in passages (thanks to the instrument with which she works) has actually improved upon the eloquent original.*

After this preparation, the reader will be agreeably surprised to learn that his attention will not be rigidly confined to grave subjects.

On my road, I mean to amuse myself; that is, to see all I can which is curious and, to me, new: and every evening I shall note down in my journal what I have seen, and what has been told me during the day.

This being clearly understood, let us close our trunks and start.

The start is made from Queenstown, May 14th, 1871, in the good ship "*China*," a Cunard steamer. In the brief course of a voyage up the Thames, M. Taine hits

* Our only objection is to the title. As "*Promenade*" is now a naturalized English word, we see no reason for changing it into "*Ramble*;" which reminds us that the first Italian translation of "*The Rambler*" was entitled "*Il Vagabondo*."

upon several typical men and women among the passengers. Baron de Hübner is equally fortunate before he has been many hours at sea. His neighbor at dinner is General K—, of the United States Army, who has seen service in the virgin forests of California, of Idaho, and of Arizona, "hunting with the red-skins, or being hunted by them, according to the various circumstances and varying policy of his government." To change the subject or "jump with one bound from the deserts of America," he has only to begin to talk with the young man in front with his distinguished air, careful toilet, and high-bred manners.

He is one of the merchant princes of the great English factory of Shanghai. With wonderful clearness he puts before me a perfect picture of the commercial position in China, especially as regards British interests. His way of judging of and estimating things is that of more than one European resident in the East. The Chinese empire is to be forced to accept the blessings of civilization at the cannon's mouth: they must kill a good many Chinamen, especially the mandarins and men of letters, and then exact a large war indemnity.

The representatives of the United States are few, and despatched in a short paragraph:—

There are also half-a-dozen young Yankees on board. They are men of business, and all of the same stamp: tall, straight, narrow-shouldered, flat-chested, with sharp, anxious inquiring yet intelligent eyes, thin lips and sarcastic expressions. They seem to scent money in possession or in the future, to be obtained no matter at what cost or with what effort.

The after-deck is swarming with emigrants—men, women, and children, mostly Irish. Conspicuous amongst these was an Englishman, who was leaving his native country forever, with the full sense of the sacrifice and the full conviction of its necessity.

An old man of eighty, the very type of a patriarch, leaning on the arm of a fine young fellow of one-and-twenty, has just crossed the deck. His manners are respectful and yet with a certain amount of dignity. He is an English peasant; a Somersetshire man. "Sir,"

he says to me, "it's late in the day for me to emigrate, but I leave nothing but misery in England, and hope to find at least bread to eat in the new country. Here are my two grandsons," showing me two lads by his side with a touching expression of tenderness and honest pride: "their father and my granddaughter have stayed behind in our old village, and I shall never see them again." He gave a short cough; I looked another way, and he took advantage of it to brush his arm across his moistened eyes.

Till past the middle of the last century, a Londoner, before setting out for Edinburgh, was wont to make his will and take a solemn leave of his family. But we were under an impression that, as things stand at present, he might engage a passage to New York at any period of the year without taking more care for the morrow than if he were starting for Exeter or Carlisle. This, we find, is altogether a mistake. There are times and seasons when the chances against his safe arrival are of a nature to shake the nerves of the most intrepid traveller if he were made acquainted with them, which, much to his disquiet, Baron de Hübner was. On May 20th, they sight a beautiful *aurora borealis* and a huge iceberg, brilliantly white, rolling heavily in the swell, while the waves beat furiously against its sides.

A sort of dull rumbling sound like low thunder is heard in spite of all the noise of the engines. The cold, pale sun of the Arctic regions throws a sinister light over the scene. It is all very fine and very grand, but not reassuring. We are in the midst of the Banks of Newfoundland. This evening we shall double Cape Race. By a lucky chance, the weather is quite clear. But if we had come in for a fog, which is the rule at this season, and had then struck against this floating mass of ice which took so little trouble to get out of our way, what then? "Oh," answers the captain, "in two minutes we should have gone down"—and that is the unpleasant side of these voyages.

The seventh and eighth days from the departure are the most critical; and hardly had the voyage begun, when the sailors began to discuss them, much as doctors talk of the critical days in an intermittent fever. "Until then, it's all plain sailing;

afterwards, there's nothing to fear from the floating ice, but these two days!"

During a voyage of the preceding year, in July, 1869, the Baron's impression of the constantly recurring risk was confirmed as strongly by personal experience as it well could be, if he was to live to tell the tale. An impenetrable fog shrouded the Banks of Newfoundland. In the middle of the day it was almost as dark as night. Every moment, as the air seemed to thicken, the thermometer pointed to a sudden increase of cold in the temperature of the sea. Evidently there were icebergs ahead.

But where? That was the question. What surprised me was, that the speed was not slackened. But they told me that the ship would obey the helm only in proportion to her speed. To avoid the iceberg, it is not enough to see it, but to see it in time to tack about, which supposes a certain docility in the ship, depending on her speed. Thus, as in many other circumstances of life, by braving a danger, you run the best chance of safety.

I tried to reach the prow, which was not easy. We were shipping a good deal of sea, and the speed at which we were going added to the force of the wind, which was dead against us; we were making fifteen knots an hour. I tried to crawl along, struggling with the elements, nearly blown down by the wind and lashed by the spray. One of the officers gave me a helping hand. "Look," he exclaimed, "at that yellow curtain before us. If there's an iceberg behind, and those lynx-eyed fellows find it out at half a mile off—that is, two minutes before we should run against it—we shall just have time to tack, and then *all will be right*." I wished him joy of the position!

The icebergs are not the only danger in a fog. The "China" is on the high-road to New York, and as every one follows the same course, the ocean, so vast in theory, is practically reduced to a long street of three thousand miles, not half wide enough for the traffic.

On this line at this very moment there are five huge steamers, each of which left New York yesterday in the day. Fortunately they are still at some distance off. But the sailing ships!

"Isn't there a luggage train due?" asked the guard of an Irish mail train of the station-master. "Well, I'm not quite sure," was the reply. "Then I'll just risk it," rejoined the guard. There is a well-known story of an American captain, in a race between two steamers on the Mississippi, coolly seating himself on the safety-valve to keep up the pressure. Somewhat

of the same imperturbability may have been observed in the commander of the "China," although, to do him justice, not until every possible precaution had been taken to avoid a collision. The passengers are gathered together on the hatchway, used as a smoking-room, discussing their good or bad chances. The captain looks in to light his cheroot, and give himself the innocent consolation of swearing at the weather. He is aptly compared to a man running through a dark lobby, without knowing whether there are steps or not, and with a certainty that some one is running through it in an opposite direction.

I never in my life, in any country, saw the air so thick as this evening, and yet we are running at the rate of thirteen knots and a half. These are terrible moments for the commanders of these ships! If there be a collision, the proprietors of the damaged or lost boats go to law. Should the results of the lawsuit be unfavorable to the company, heavy indemnities must be paid, and the directors revenge themselves on the captain. At sea he risks his life, on land his credit and his fortune are at stake. What a hard lot, and what a horrible nuisance these fogs are! But this evening Captain Macaulay reassures his passengers. "We are the strongest," he says; "no sailing-ship could make head against the 'China;' if any boat founders to-night, it won't be ours."

This comfortable assurance restores the good spirits of the company. Every one goes to his cabin with the cool consciousness of his strength and of his impunity, and equally resolved to destroy without remorse the unhappy vessels which may cross his path. It is with these laudable sentiments that we lay our heads on our pillows and find, in spite of the continual screams of the alarm-whistle, the sleep of the just.

The first observation of the traveller after his arrival at New York indicates a remarkable change in manners and modes of thinking that has been incidentally produced by the War of Secession. Formerly, when millionaires were comparatively rare, they shrank from making an ostentatious display of their wealth, which simply offended against the common feeling of equality without conferring any compensating advantage in the shape of social influence or respect. Since the war, so fertile of contractors, what most attracts the gaze in the "beautiful Fifth Avenue," at the fashionable hour of evening is the excessive luxury of the innumerable carriages, with their immense coats-of-arms emblazoned on every panel, the over-smart liveries, the almost priceless

carriage-horses, and "the somewhat extravagant dresses of the ladies, to whom Nature has been kinder than their dress-makers."

One tries to discover the moral link between all this ostentatious display, which though on a republican soil is not afraid to show its face, and that thirst for equality which is the motive power, as it is the spur, the end, the reward, and also the punishment of a democratic society like the American.

Here, the baron is in his element, and he is always worth following in his speculative moods, whether he lands the reader in an ingenious paradox or a new truth. His theory is that this invidious display is only tolerated by the working-class or what in Europe are emphatically termed the people, because each is animated by the hope, which is far from being a chimera, of joining in the show—of seeing his wife, "who to-day is rinsing bottles at a gin-palace, indolently stretched on the morrow in her own luxurious landau; or of driving himself in his gig with a fast trotter, which shall have cost five or six thousand dollars." This ambition is frequently satisfied; curious and startling is the rapidity with which fortunes are made, unmade, and remade in the New World. But there is another kind of equality more difficult of attainment. "Troth, uncle," replies Mike Lambourne, "there is something about the real gentry that few men come up to that are not born and bred to the mystery. I wot not where the trick lies; but although I can enter an ordinary with as much audacity, rebuke the waiters and drawers as loudly, and fling my gold as freely about as any of the jingling sparks and white feathers that are around me, yet, hang me, if I can ever catch the true grace of it, though I have practised a hundred times. The man of the house sets me lowest at the board, and carves to me the last; and the drawer says, 'Coming, friend,' without any more reverence or regardful addition. But, hang it, let it pass; care killed a cat."* We should have thought that the American *parvenus* would be as indifferent about their position amongst gentlemen as Mike Lambourne; surrounded and kept in countenance as they are by numbers in the same predicament. But, according to the baron, they are constantly struggling "secretly, openly, even brutally now and then," for admission into the circles for which they are hopelessly unfit.

The result is this: men of cultivated minds and of refined manners, with a taste for historical traditions and, in consequence, for all things of European interest, withdraw themselves to a great extent from public life, make a little world of their own, and escape, as far as they possibly can, from all contact with that real life, and those great schemes which draw forth the riches of this extraordinary country, and create the wonders which fill us with surprise and admiration. It is allowable to exhibit a fearful amount of luxury, for material riches are accessible to all. But they carefully screen from the vulgar eyes of the multitude, who feel they can never attain to such heights, those refinements of mind and manners in which consist the real enjoyments of life. These treasures are as jealously guarded as the Jews in the Middle Ages, or the Orientals in our own day, conceal their riches behind squalid walls and poor-looking dwellings.

This is a rather exaggerated view of a social phenomenon by no means peculiar to New York; where a few families of long standing and hereditary distinction constitute a society which instinctively repels pretension and vulgarity. This is in the natural order of things. There is no studied concealment, nor, we believe, the least need of it. The multitude are not prone to envy what they cannot understand: they no more envy the denizens of this Faubourg St. Germain in miniature than they envy the scholar his lettered leisure and his books; and the newly enriched adventurer admitted within the charmed circle would feel like the hero in one of Paul de Kock's novels, who, having with difficulty gained admission to a *salon* where he knows no one, exclaims, "*Mon Dieu, je suis ici comme une obélisque.*"

There is no capital in Europe wholly free from the same description of fastidiousness, and ample excuses for it in New York may be found in the mixed character of the population and the superabundance of self-made men. But the baron's observation is not limited to New York, and he goes on to state that the "real gentlemen and ladies" of the United States, by way of standing protest against the supposed equality, "form among themselves in the great towns of the East, especially at Boston and Philadelphia, a more exclusive society than the most inaccessible *coteries* of the courts and capitals of Europe."

Boston is, or was, the transatlantic Athens. Boston society was at its best when Ticknor lived in and wrote about it; and we collect from his description that, if necessity limited to persons of culti-

* Kenilworth, chap. iii.

vation and refinement, its exclusiveness, such as it was, had nothing in common with the noble Faubourg of Paris or the *crème de la crème* of Vienna.

It was finely said of the churches of London, as seen in a panoramic view, that their spires and steeples, like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of heaven. What struck Baron de Hübner in the buildings devoted to divine worship at New York was not merely their enormous number, but (with few exceptions) their small size.

Seen from the river or from Jersey City at the moment of disembarkation, this huge metropolis unrolls itself before you in great masses of red, grey, or yellowish brick. One or two steeples at the outside rise above the roofs, which in the distance seem all of the same height, and to form one vast horizontal line stretching towards the plain beyond. Europeans who have just landed for the first time cannot help wondering how these two or three churches can possibly suffice for upwards of a million of Christians!

They are speedily undeceived, for it would be difficult to name a community in which the spirit of religion, the genuine spirit is more rife; and it is in the very centre of luxury and vanity, the Fifth Avenue, that the material proofs of New York piety, alternating with worldly and debasing influences, abound.

These little buildings, each consecrated to a different form of worship, are only accessories to the whole. They are only open during their respective services, and these services are only performed on Sundays. But there they are, and however poor they may be, they prove the existence of a religion in the hearts of these rich people, who had perhaps little or no time to think of their souls when they were making their fortunes, but who, now that they are millionaires, begin to believe that there is a future state.

At Washington, where he passes three days, the all-absorbing topic was the Alabama Treaty; and what he heard confirms what we have always thought and said concerning it. The leading official men had hardly made up their minds whether it could be accepted as a definitive settlement. The general public regarded it as an act of deference, a recognition of superiority. "England has owned herself in the wrong, and has capitulated: neither more nor less." But yet more to be regretted is the dissatisfaction of the Canadians, whose interests were thrown aside as of no account.

Even before my departure from Europe, an eminent English statesman had said to me:

"The separation from Canada is only a question of time. This treaty will hasten it. Before four or five years are over it will happen." Every one knows how, in England, public opinion has familiarized itself with the idea of the loss of the colonies.

There was a time when the current of public opinion was flowing strongly in that direction. The loss of our North American colonies, it was plausibly urged, had not diminished our prosperity; and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, no mean authority on such subjects, went the full length of maintaining that our Indian empire added nothing to our strength. But a reaction has set in; and, declining to be bound by the doctrinaire argument, people are beginning to ask, where is it to stop? The constituent parts of the British empire might be disposed of like Lear's knights. "What need you five and twenty, ten or five? . . . What need one?" What need of India, Canada, Australia, the West India islands, the Channel islands, or even of Ireland? From the political economy point of view and assuming the universal adoption of free-trade, it would be difficult to prove that all our outlying dependencies are positive sources of wealth; but when we hear it contended that the power and resources of an empire are not dependent upon its extent, we are reminded of Johnson's reply to Dr. Taylor, who argued that a small bull-dog, well-shaped and compact, was as good as a large one: "No, sir, for in proportion to his size he has strength; and your argument would prove that a good bull-dog may be as small as a mouse."

The American mania for titles contrasts amusingly enough with the popular doctrine of equality; and the baron turns this peculiarity to good account. He makes a point of procuring introductions, not only to persons of consideration in the towns he proposes to visit, but to the station-masters and guards of railroads, the captains and stewards of steamers, the masters and mistresses of hotels.

On the railroads I found my letters of introduction invaluable, especially when travelling alone. The station-master begins the acquaintance by shaking my hand, calling me "Baron" half-a-dozen times, and introducing me to the guard of the train. Then comes a fresh exchange of civilities. The guard gives me my title, and I call him "*Mister*." That's the custom in the Far West—they don't call one another "*Sir*," but "*Mister*," without adding the name; for no one has the time to inquire, or it is forgotten as soon as told.

To insure proper attention there is an-

other formality to be gone through: to be introduced by the guard to the man of color, the waiter of the cars. Here there is no shaking of hands, which would involve too close a contact with the skin.

In spite of the emancipation, we have not yet arrived at that! They become legislators, certainly, and even vice-presidents. At Washington, the seat of the central government, they are allowed to loll insolently enough in omnibuses and cars and public places, and only to yield their places to women. But to shake hands with them! Fie! it is not to be thought of. The guard as a friend, the colored man as a servant, become invaluable to you on your journey.

With the guard the baron found it convenient to establish the same sort of familiarity which Prince Hal encouraged in the drawer who clapped the pennyworth of sugar into his hand. Not liking the sleeping arrangements of the Pullman car, he takes his stand upon the platform at the risk of being jostled by the brakemen.

To judge by their hurry you would think it was a question of life or death. The guard, too, passes and re-passes, never without a gracious smile or a courteous word to me, as "Now, baron," or, "Well, baron; you're not gone to bed." Sometimes, as a variety, he says nothing, but merely presses my hand. Each time I ask him: "Well, how fast are we going, mister?" And his answer invariably is: "Sixty miles an hour, baron."

Referring to the neglect of appearances by a middle-aged Englishwoman suffering from sea-sickness, M. Taine remarks that a Frenchwoman, even middle-aged, never forgets to adjust herself, to arrange her dress. Again, on the same occasion, describing two English girls: "not the slightest trace of coquetry, none of our nice little tricks which have been learned and done on purpose: they never think about the lookers-on." Neither, it would seem, do the American ladies under the equally disadvantageous effects of a night journey.

The dawn begins to break. It is getting cold. I make up my mind to go back into the carriage. The colored waiters are already putting away the mattresses. In the rotunda, a species of ante-room generally attached to the bed-carriages, the passengers in single file are waiting their turns before a somewhat miserable washing-stand; another is reserved for the ladies. The latter, with a laudable absence of coquetry, which, however, I should not recommend to any woman who cares to please, appear one by one in their dressing-gowns, carrying their chignons in their hands, and find the means of making their toilette in presence of the company, although I cannot say the result was generally satisfactory.

At Chicago, his next resting-place, after taking possession of a charming room on the first floor of the great hotel, which, thanks to his letter of introduction and his title, had been allotted to him, he strolls into the streets.

It was the hour of closing the shops and factories. Streams of workmen—men, women, and children, shop-boys, commercial men of all kinds passed me on foot, in omnibuses, in tramways—all going in the same direction—that is, all making their way to their homes in the quarters outside the town; all looked sad, preoccupied, and worn out with fatigue.

I mix with the crowd, which drags me on with it. I strive to read in the faces I pass, and everywhere meet with the same expression. Every one is in a hurry, if it were only to get a few minutes sooner to his home and thus economize his few hours of rest, after having taken the largest possible amount of work out of the long hours of labor. Every one seems to dread a rival in his neighbor. This crowd is a very type of isolation. The moral atmosphere is not charity, but rivalry.

The Michigan Avenue, the Mayfair or Chaussée d'Antin of Chicago, presents a wholly different aspect.

There is an air of rest and idleness over the whole. Babies play in the little gardens, ladies, elegantly dressed, lie on the verandas, and rock themselves in armchairs, holding in one hand a fan, and in the other a novel. All of a sudden a new object strikes me. It is a house in the middle of the road. What a strange fancy! But no, this house moves, walks, comes near! Very soon all doubt on the subject is at an end. Placed on trestles resting on cylinders, one horse and three men, by means of a capstan, do the work. I stop from sheer surprise, and watch this singular phenomenon pass by. It is a building of two storeys. A veranda in full flower trembles under the slight shaking of the cylinders. The chimney smokes; they are evidently cooking. From an open window I catch the sounds of a piano. An air from "*La Traviata*" mingles with the grinding of the wheels which support this ambulatory domicile.

When the moving house distracted his attention he was on his way to call on General Sheridan.

I had crossed the ocean with him on my return to Europe, and last year I had met him at Rome. He welcomed me most cordially, and I was delighted to see him again. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan! These are the three stars, the three heroes who destroyed the Confederation, and by their swords brought about the cementing together of the two halves of the Union.*

* The original runs thus: "Grant, Sherman, Sheri-

Here is the portrait of General Sheridan, hastily dashed off by the graphic pen of his visitor:—

His broad face, reddened and tanned and lined by the care, watchfulness, and emotions of the late campaign, breathes at once an air of simple modesty and honest pride. His brown eyes shoot lightning, and tell of the Celtic blood which flows in his veins. His countenance expresses intelligence, boldness, and that indomitable courage which seems to provoke danger. He wears his hair cut short, and is of middle height, with square shoulders and powerful limbs. His detractors accuse him of cruelty, and speak of him as the exterminator of the Indians; his friends simply adore him. Both one and the other talk of him as a dashing officer; in fact, one has but to look at him to understand that he is the sort of man who would lead on his soldiers to death or victory.

Like all public men who have done great things (it is added), and "who are not *somebodies* only, while they occupy the great situation which they owe to an irony of fate, to a trick of fortune or to intrigue," the general detests popularity: "I have the greatest horror of popular demonstrations," were his words. "These very men who deafen you with their cheers to-day are capable of throwing stones and mud at you to-morrow." He was unconsciously paraphrasing the Scottish monarch in "The Lady of the Lake:"—

With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their warning note:
With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway,
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.

After three days at Chicago, the baron comes to the conclusion that in the Far West the towns are quickly seen and are all alike. "One may say the same of the hotels, which play so great a part here, not only in the life of a traveller, but in the lives of the residents." By living at an hotel, a couple save the expense and trouble of housekeeping; but how is the wife to occupy herself whilst the husband is at his office or his counting-house? "He only comes in at meal-times and devours his food with the silence and expedition of a starving man. Then he rushes back to his treadmill." There is no home, no domesticity; and the children, living, as it were, in public, grow up bold, confi-

dent, and pert. The chief education they get is the (when premature) corrupting education of the world.

These little gentlemen talk loud, and are as proud and sharp as the full-grown men of their nation; the young girls at eight and nine years old excel in the arts of coquetry and flirtation, and promise to become "fast" young ladies. But nevertheless they make good and faithful wives. If their husband should be rich, they will help him to ruin himself by excessive extravagance in dress; but they will accept misery with equal calmness and resignation, and fly into the same follies as of old, the moment there is a change in the wheel of fortune.

The deference paid to women in the United States is at once a privilege, a safeguard, and a recognition of their worth.

Everywhere and at all hours she may appear alone in public. She may travel alone from the borders of the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, or the States of the Pacific. Everywhere she is the object of a respectful gallantry, which might be called chivalric, if it were less frivolous, and which sometimes becomes even grotesque and ridiculous. For example, I am sitting in one of those tramway-cars which cross all the principal streets of the great towns. A tap of a parasol or a fan rouses me from my meditations, or perhaps from sleep; and I see standing right in front of me a young woman, who looks at me from head to foot, with an imperious, haughty, and even angry expression. I wake up to the situation, and hasten to give her my seat, which she takes at once, without deigning to thank me, even by a look or a smile. The consequence is, that I am obliged to perform the rest of my journey standing in a most uncomfortable position, and to hold on by a leather strap, which is fashioned for that purpose along the roof of the carriage. One day, a young girl had expelled, in a peculiarly cavalier fashion, a venerable old man from his seat, who was likewise lame. At the moment of her leaving the carriage, one of the travellers called her back: "Madam, you have forgotten something." She turned hastily to retrace her steps. "You have forgotten to thank this gentleman."

A French traveller, whom we recently had occasion to quote, has formed an exceedingly low estimate of female morality in the United States.* Baron de Hübnér denounces such estimates as unfounded and unjust. Married women in America are, as a rule, unexceptionable. "If they are too fond of dress, it is generally their husbands who wish it:" a difference between American and other husbands well

dan! voilà les trois astres, les trois héros qui ont brisé la confédération et, tant bien que mal, ressoudé avec leurs épées les deux moitiés de l'Union!" In the following portrait of Sheridan, also, the translator, trusting to her command of language, has not kept closely to the text.

* "Les Etats-Unis Contemporains," etc., par Claudio Jannet. Chap. xii.

worthy of being noted, if it exists. When there is anything wrong about the girls, it is that, if naturally lively, they are apt to become "fast," to resemble the princess of Samoa and her attendant nymphs, who are described in "South Sea Bubbles" by "the earl" as dancing the dances they ought never to have danced, singing the songs they ought never to have sung, and "winking the winks they ought never to have wunk."

But this vulgar coquetry, however jarring to good taste, rarely goes beyond a certain point. Only, heedless boy, just arrived from Europe, don't be taken in by her! Be on your guard. There is always a father, a brother, or an uncle near, who, with his revolver, or the bowie-knife (the Arkansas toothpick) under his arm, is quite ready to ask you, with all imaginable politeness, if your intentions be fair and honorable.

In the good old duelling days, it was well for a visitor in an Irish house to be equally on his guard, and the announcement of Lady Bink's marriage to Sir Bingo, at St. Ronan's Well, was preceded by the sudden apparition of a brother of the lady, an officer, who alighted from a post-chaise, holding in his hand a slip of a well-dried oak, accompanied by another gentleman in undress military attire, carrying an Andrea Ferrara and "a neat mahogany box, eighteen inches long, three deep, and some six broad." Manners and customs in certain stages of civilization bear a striking resemblance to each other in the most widely separated quarters of the world.

Before resuming his journey, the baron pays a just tribute to the man to whom he was largely indebted for lightening and smoothing it.

At Chicago I made the acquaintance of a great man. Every one has heard of the Pullman cars. Those who are going to travel to any great distance always try to procure one, and then marvel that this philanthropic vehicle has not yet been introduced on any of the European lines of railways. The inventor, who is just returned from Constantinople and Vienna, said to me: "Europeans are not yet ripe for these kinds of comforts; they don't know how to travel; but by-and-by they will understand and appreciate me."

Amongst the worthies entitled to a place in the Elysian fields, Virgil mentions

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
paraphrased rather than translated by Dryden, —

And searching wits, of mere mechanic parts,
Who grace their age with new-invented arts.

Mr. Pullman comes strictly within the category, and deserves to be called great, at least as much as "the great Twalmley," who assumed the appellation on the strength of having invented a box-iron for smoothing linen. The baron was particularly struck by the marks of respect shown to Mr. Pullman by the workmen, officials, and general public, as he solemnly led the way through the magnificent halls of the chief station.

It was another Louis XIV. walking through the ante-chambers of Versailles. If you wish to convince yourself of the folly of people's dreams of equality, come to America. Here, as everywhere else, there are kings and princes. They have always been, and always will be to the end of time.

There will always be inequalities of this sort, so long as personal qualities are unequal; there will always be kings and princes by the right divine of genius or intellect, if not by the ruder right of might or bodily strength. But this is tacitly admitted by the democrats, foolish as they may be, who protest against class privileges and hereditary rank: where they err is, in attaching undue importance to equality;

Not equal all but free,
Equally free, for orders and degree
Jar not with liberty but well consist.

Political liberty has not thriven in France under democratic institutions nor been promoted by equality, and its prospects are not much brighter in the United States. "The republic," exclaimed a rich farmer from Illinois in a Pullman car, "has had its day; what we want now is a dictatorship . . . Everything is going to the devil, and a military dictatorship is the only thing that can put things straight." On this topic, adds the baron, every man becomes eloquent. At last they agree upon the necessity of preserving their republic. "It is indispensable," they argue, "as long as we have such a mass of uncultivated land. When America is more populated, then we must have a military dictatorship."

He reaches Salt Lake City on the 4th of June. Mormonism was already tottering, more from external than internal causes, but he was able to note its most characteristic features on the spot, and a more interesting subject of philosophic speculation it would be no easy matter to alight upon in either hemisphere. There is nothing extraordinary in its rise and spread as a faith or creed. The credulity of mankind has proved inexhaustible in all ages. But

what surprises and confounds, is the material prosperity which it created so long as it was let alone — its success as a social organization in defying all the lessons of experience, rising superior to all the doctrines of economic science, and putting to shame the wisest legislators who have ever tried their hands at making men good and happy by systems of government or by set rule. If, it may well be asked, the tree is known by its fruits, what sort of tree is this that has thriven and borne so much good fruit, after having been stripped of its leaves and branches, torn up by the roots, and hastily transplanted to an arid waste?

Let us contemplate it at the lowest point of its fortunes, when it had undergone the worst that persecution could inflict, when its disciples had been decimated by massacre, when its founder had met a violent death in prison, and nothing was left for his successor but to take refuge with the remnant of the sect beyond the extreme confines of civilization. Brigham Young's reconnoitring expedition to the valley of the Salt Lake, was undertaken in the spring of 1847. This chosen spot was then unknown, except to hunters and trappers, who described it as an arid desert hemmed in by rocks; the water brackish and unfit for drink, and the vegetation confined to wild sage and sunflowers devoured by locusts almost before they could spring up. An old trapper offered to give a thousand dollars for every head of corn raised in the valley.

Probably the information collected upon the spot by Brigham Young was somewhat more encouraging: anyhow the emigration was resolved upon. They started in the depth of winter in a multitude of caravans — men, women, and children in wagons, on asses, in wheelbarrows, on foot — and took the road to the banks of the Missouri, and from thence straight on to the Rocky Mountains. The distance was upwards of fifteen hundred miles, and that through a country almost entirely deprived of all resources. Misery, privations, and mortality cruelly tried, without subduing the courage, perseverance, and fertility in expedients of the prophet, or the resignation, patience, and blind faith of his followers. Since the exodus of the Israelites, history has never registered a similar enterprise.

In less than twenty years the valley of the Salt Lake seemed in a fair way to resemble the Happy Valley of Rasselas, or

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain.

Seen through the Claude Lorraine glass

of novelty and contrast, the New Jerusalem fastened on the imagination of traveller after traveller as a city of villas with gardens abounding in fruit and flowers, inhabited by an industrious, pious, contented population, exempt from poverty and crime.

Baron de Hübner, coming later into the field and taught scepticism by experience, has lifted a corner of the veil and to a certain extent disenchanted us, although fully admitting that marvellous influences have been at work, marvellous effects produced, and that the grand director, the worker of all these wonders, was Brigham Young.

"*Labor and Faith*" — that is their device — those are the two words which are forever in Brigham Young's mouth, and which, in fact, explain these strange phenomena. But what secret motives caused the birth of this faith in the hearts of those who never possessed anything of the sort at the time they embraced these new doctrines? How has this transformation been effected? The Mormons tell you "It's inspiration." But that is no explanation. . . . That which the Gentiles give you is not more satisfactory. I would not, however, let myself be discouraged. I went on questioning, thinking, and watching, and the following are the conclusions to which I at last arrived.

We cannot congratulate the baron on having got to the bottom of the mystery, although he has let in some fresh light upon it; and we must remind him that the Mormons placed the same implicit faith in Joe Smith, their founder, who once undertook, in imitation of the Scripture miracle, to walk dry-shod over a deep river. Pausing on the brink, he turned to his disciples and asked, "Do you not believe I could do what I say?" Receiving a unanimous response in the affirmative, he coolly walked away saying, "Then, it is just the same as if I had done it," and they remained unshaken in their faith. Indeed the chief novelty of the baron's theory is that what leads the immense majority of the neophytes to adopt Mormonism is not faith, meaning religious faith, at all: that the inducements supposed to be urged by Brigham Young's recruiting sergeants or crimps are purely mundane.

"Here," exclaims one of them to a Welsh audience, "you are nothing but slaves — slaves of misery, if not a master. In the valley of the saints, independence awaits you; independence and ease, at any rate — perhaps riches. No more servile subjection; no more privations; no more cares. In this world, as in the next, your future is assured." Then

addressing himself to the young men among his audience with that sinister smile peculiar to the prophet and his followers, he speaks of the delights of the harem, and of the beauty of the young girls of Deseret, promising them as many wives as they please—developing, in fact, the whole theory of plurality. "Compare the state you are now in with what you may be," he exclaims, in conclusion, "and choose!"

The manner in which the missionary is selected and despatched resembles the speeding of the fiery cross by Roderick Dhu through his clan. Malise, the henchman, brings it to a family assembled to attend the funeral of its chief. The principal mourner, the son and heir, receives and carries it on till he encounters a bridal party. The bridegroom drops the hand of the bride to grasp the emblem of blood and strife:—

Clan Alpine's cause, her chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brooks no delay:
Stretch to the race—away! away!

"Away, away," is Brigham Young's summary mandate when he wants a missionary for haply one of the most distant regions of the earth.

He always chose his emissaries by inspiration. It has often happened to him to accost a perfect stranger in the street. Following a sudden inspiration, he will tell him to start, and give him an apostolic mission to Europe, Australia, or to the islands in the South Seas. The man thus summoned leaves wife, children, and business, and starts.

Relying on the unanimous testimony of the best-informed persons on the spot, Baron de Hübner states that these missionaries never attempt to preach to the rich or even to those who are tolerably well off or moderately educated; and after a rapid summary of the trashy or unintelligible Mormon doctrines, he asks:—

Is it possible that the preaching of such doctrines should touch people's hearts, strike their imaginations, and attract from the worst quarters of London, from the dockyards of Liverpool, from the agricultural population of Wales, the three or four thousand converts who arrive every year on the borders of the Salt Lake City? It is quite impossible.

The wants of the emigrants were provided for, till they were able to provide for themselves. They were at once allotted land to cultivate or build upon, and supplied with tools and materials. But they were held accountable for the price or value to the community, *i.e.*, to the prophet, and duly inscribed on the debtor side of his books. He is, in fact, the real

and sole creditor, the sole capitalist, the sole employer of labor, throughout the entire territory; and the territory is larger than many European kingdoms. "He has in consequence the reputation of being the richest man in the United States. People say he has a fortune of upwards of twelve millions of dollars;" that is, if he could realize it, which he palpably could not. If the community are bound to him, he is equally bound to the community; and how he has managed to get so good a return for his or their investments is an art which both individual capitalists and co-operative societies would do well to learn of him. To account for his getting so much good work out of such laborers, such teeming produce from such a soil, we come back perforce to faith. Blind confidence, unlimited devotion on the one part; judicious management, mild patriarchal government on the other—these were the true causes, the indispensable conditions, of Mormonite prosperity whilst it lasted. There was no talk of creeds or articles. At the formation of the Conservative ministry of 1858, a noble duke, a distinguished member of the party, being asked what he understood by Conservatism, replied, "Lord Derby." A Mormonite similarly called on for a definition of his principles, would have replied "Brigham Young." Baron de Hübner states that the community not only live in utter subjection to this man, but are in fact his prisoners; that his rule recalls that of the Cæsars, when (in the words of Gibbon) "to resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly;" that any fair victim of polygamy who should dream of a separation or divorce, would find herself in the condition of Zelica, in the "Veiled Prophet," when she consents to fly with Selim,—

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and
dread
Rang through the casement near, "Thy oath!
Thy oath!"

Any recalcitrant or troublesome member is put out of the pale of the law, and his goods are confiscated.

And if it be a question of real, active, dangerous heresy, why such men simply *disappear*. Sometimes their remains are found; sometimes not. The few gentiles who are allowed to live here are only tolerated; but their existence is not an enviable one. Woe be to them if they dare to make love to a Mormon girl! The offender would be simply torn to pieces. This has been done more than once. Add to all these things, the difficulty of getting here and the impossibility of leaving the city without

the consent of the prophet, and you will allow that the isolation is complete.

The baron must have been misinformed. Brigham Young's rule could not have inspired the willing obedience which it did inspire, or have produced such beneficial results, or been permitted to endure so long, had it resembled a *Vehmgericht* or been stained by violence or crime. The most was made of every sort of charge that could be brought against him, and the establishment of polygamy was by common consent the worst.

"Verily," said the son of Abbas, "the chiefest of the Moslem was the foremost of men in his passion for women." This passion grew upon Mahomet as he advanced in years, and as the Koran only allowed four wives or concubines, he procured a plenary indulgence, through the Angel Gabriel, to take as many as he chose. Sooner or later he had sixteen or seventeen, and at Medina he had eleven occupying separate apartments around his house. Brigham Young resembled Mahomet as well in vigor of constitution as in the late development of the sexual passion. It was not until 1852 that, in order to gratify the lusts of the flesh without open sin or scandal, he revived and sanctioned the patriarchal doctrine of a plurality of wives. To justify this step, he produced a revelation, notoriously apocryphal, which, he said, Joe Smith had received a year before his death. He was generous enough to allow to others the privilege he certainly created for his own special delectation: it being, however, distinctly understood that no one was to marry more wives than he could maintain, and no one to marry at all without a license from Brigham Young.

The higher a man advances in the ranks of hierarchy, the more his duty compels him to use the privilege of plurality. Brigham Young at this moment, possesses sixteen wives, without counting sixteen others, who are what is called *sealed*. Some of these latter live with him in a conjugal fashion, but the greater part are treated as widows or old maids, who by this means, hope to become, in a future state, what they are not here below—the real wives of the prophet. George Smith, the historian, has five wives; the other apostles content themselves with four. None have less than three.

A sealed wife is a spiritual wife; she is not married in the flesh; and she may be *sealed* to two husbands, one for this world and one for the next. The peculiar relations established by *sealing* are not explained; but Baron de Hübner is hardly

justified in terming it a "system of ignorance and credulity worked in favor of human lust under the pretended invocation of God." All preceding travellers agree that the relations of the sexes are far from standing on a loose or immodest footing amongst the Mormonites. But there are abundant signs that polygamy is degrading to women, and fatal in the long run to the domestic virtues and domestic happiness, even assuming (a rash and untenable assumption,) that the recognized supply of women could be kept up. Symptoms of the real tendency of the practice fell under the personal observation of the traveller:—

In the carriage where I have installed myself, I have an opportunity of watching one of the effects of polygamy. The greater part of the men are travelling with two wives: some even have brought three with them; but the youngest is evidently the favorite. The husband does not trouble his head about any of the others, he only talks to her and buys her cakes and fruit at the station. The other neglected wives, resigned to their fate, sit by, with sad and cross expressions. This kind of scene is perpetually being repeated. In fact, it is in the nature of things.

He gets into conversation with a car-driver, who had one wife domiciled at the east and another to the west of the city. "It is economical," he said, "and besides, it avoids scenes of jealousy."

In his interview with Brigham Young, after duly recognizing the claims to superiority of one "who has made his will a law to his disciples, and taught them how to transform a desert into a garden," the baron, referring to the Mormonite practice of polygamy, declares the general opinion of Europe to be, that it is a shame to woman and a disgrace to the country in which we live.

Here the audience gave an ominous growl of dissent. The president started; but contained himself. After a few moments of silence, he said, speaking in a low voice and with a slightly disdainful smile: "Prejudice, prejudice, prejudice! We have the greatest of all examples—the example of the patriarchs. What was pleasing to God in their day, why should it be proscribed now?" He then went into a long explanation of a theory which was new to me, regretting that men did not imitate the example of animals, and treating the subject of the relations of the sexes in so confused and at the same time so ambiguous a manner, that it was next to impossible to understand his meaning; but he arrived finally at the conclusion that polygamy was the only effectual remedy for the great social evil of prostitution. Then he interrupted himself by

exclaiming, "As for the rest, what I do, and what I teach, I do and teach by the special command of God." When I got up to take my leave, he took my hand, drew me towards him and murmured, closing his eyes, "Blessing, blessing, luck!"

The population principle has been hitherto defied with impunity, but its operation cannot be long delayed. Children, we are told, swarm. You tumble over them in all directions. M. Remy says that the prophet had nine born to him in one week. He had forty-eight living when Baron de Hübner was at Salt Lake City, his last baby being then five months old. A story is told of his seeing two boys quarrelling in the streets, and after administering a sound drubbing to one of them, inquiring whose son he was, "I am President's son," was the reply.

The traveller's next stage is Corinne, a town that had sprung into existence within four years. He puts up at the "Hotel of the Metropolis," a wretched plank hut, and, by dint of interest, secures the best bedroom, exactly six feet square; a thin boarding separating him from his neighbors, on one side a young Mexican with his wife, who sing and play on the guitar; on the other a rich China merchant and his suite, whose vicinity is disagreeably made known by the smell.

"John," says my landlord ("John" is the generic name of all the children of the Celestial Empire), "John smells horribly, like all his countrymen. It is an odor *sui generis*, but for you, it is a good opportunity of preparing yourself for your voyage to China."

The streets are full of white men armed to the teeth, miserable-looking Indians dressed in the ragged shirts and trousers supplied by the government, and Chinese with yellow, hard, intelligent faces. "No town in the Far West gave us so good an idea of what is meant by border-life, *i.e.* the struggle between civilization and savage men and things." The most prominent part in this struggle has been enacted by the "rowdy," whose pride and glory it is to have been always ready with the revolver and the bowie knife, to have shot down or stabbed his man or men in open day, and to have again and again defied or evaded justice by audacity and craft. This estimable species have fairly fastened on the imagination of the baron. Not content with placing them amongst "the great," as Fielding, by an ironical definition of greatness, managed to place Jonathan Wild,* he insists on making them

the objects of a hero-worship which throws Mr. Carlyle's into the shade. In another sphere, and with a moral sense (unluckily wanting) added to their courage, energy, and bodily strength, some of them, he contends, may have had their names inscribed on the rolls of fame as benefactors to mankind.

To struggle with and finally conquer savage nature, certain qualities are needed which have naturally their corresponding defects. Look back and you will see the cradles of all civilization surrounded with giants of herculean strength, ready to run every risk and to shrink from neither danger nor crime to attain their ends. The gods and heroes of ancient Greece had loose ideas enough of morals and propriety; the founders of Rome, the *adelantados* of Queen Isabella and Charles V., the Dutch colonizers of the seventeenth century, were not remarkable for conscientious scruples, delicacy of taste, or particular refinement of manners. It is only by the peculiar temper of the times and place, so different from our days, that we can distinguish them from the *backwoodsman* and *rowdy* of the American continent.

Yet such is the ingratitude of mankind, so reluctant and tardy the appreciation of greatness, that the very generation most indebted to the rowdy and best acquainted with his quality, was ever the most eager to cut short his career by the halter. We need only refer to what happened at Cheyenne:—

In the first years of its existence it was, like Denver and Julesburg, and other new cities in this country, the rendezvous of all the roughs. Its orgies were fearful, and murder and rapine were the order of the day. In the language of the place, the young rowdies dined on a man every day—that is, that there was not a night, that at the gambling-tables or in the low public-houses, which swarmed in the town, one man or other did not come to an untimely end. At last, the better disposed at Cheyenne organized themselves into a vigilance committee, "and one morning," writes my "Great Trans-Continental Railroad Guide-book," "we saw, at a convenient height above the ground, a whole row of these desperadoes, hung on a cord. The warning was understood; and their companions, not fancying a halter, relapsed into order. By which means Cheyenne became a perfectly quiet, respectable town."

We shall presently see that precisely the same course has been taken with these pioneers of progress at San Francisco, and with nearly similar results. Speaking of the adventurers, who, "less fortunate or less clever, close their short and stormy

chief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them."—*Fielding*.

* "Greatness consists in bringing all manner of mis-

careers hanging from the branch of a tree," the baron remarks, "These are the martyrs, the others the heroes, of this species of civilization." It is to be feared that the martyrs outnumber the heroes.

An object which met his eye and excited his fancy at a station on the railway to California was an immense quantity of silver ingots, forming two high walls, waiting to be loaded on the trucks. "A huge mass of money, piled up in the sun, in the heart of the desert. Certainly the prose of daily life and the poetry of the 'Thousand and One Nights' run very close to one another in the Far West." Notwithstanding the fascination of such sights, one of the first things that struck him in California was that the gold diggings had lost much of their attraction, and were beginning to be neglected for less dazzling sources of wealth. There is a familiar apologue of two brothers who land together on the coast of the supposed Eldorado. The younger hurries off to the interior in search of the precious metals. The elder, who has brought seeds and farming utensils, selects a fertile spot which he cultivates with success. At the end of two or three years the younger returns laden with gold, but worn, wasted, the shadow of his former self, and in want of all the necessities of life. These are readily supplied to him by the agriculturist, but they are charged item by item, and when the adventurer has completely recovered his health and strength, he is startled by the presentation of a bill of charges for food, lodging, medicine, clothes, etc., which considerably exceeds the full amount of his gold. Indignant at this hard-hearted proceeding, he is about to give vent to reproaches, when he is told that he is welcome to keep his gold, that no payment will be accepted, the bill of charges being only meant as a lesson to indicate the superior advantages of prudence, foresight, and regular industry.

Such is the moral of this apologue, which has been pointed and strengthened by dearly-bought experience in California. The real wealth of the country is now generally acknowledged to consist in the fertility of the soil; and agriculture is bringing about a revolution no less desirable in a social than in an economical point of view.

"Mining is a curse," are the words in every one's mouth. It would be difficult to express this conviction more eloquently than was done the other day by a Protestant minister preaching in San Francisco. "Don't let us deceive ourselves," he exclaimed. "History has

proved that society can never organize itself satisfactorily on an auriferous soil. Nature itself is in bad faith. It corrupts, seduces, and cheats a man. It laughs at the sweat of his brow. It transforms his toil into a game of chance, and his word into a lie."

In 1849, when the California fever broke out, San Francisco could not boast of more than four houses deserving of the name. When the baron was there the inhabitants were computed at from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty thousand. Few of the first comers made or (if they made) kept fortunes. Gold passed through their hands as through a sieve. During many years the state of things fell little short of downright anarchy.

At the mines, killing toil; in the town, perpetual orgies; everywhere strife, murders, and assassinations. Blood and absinthe flowed on all sides. It was simply a hell upon earth; not the hell of Dante, but the hell imagined by the two brothers Breughel—one of whom painted scenes of peasant debaucheries, and the other devilries which only a Dutch imagination of the seventeenth century could have invented. It was the acme of gross and yet grotesque vice.

At length the Northerners got the upper hand of the Missouri men, and established the famous Vigilance Committee; which hanged right and left and (as the baron might say) made martyrs of rowdies who were on the high road to heroism, till something like order was established and life and property were protected in a fashion. Then trade and commerce sprang into life and vigor on a scale proportioned to the requirements of a people who insist that everything belonging to them shall be great; who boasted, during the War of Separation, that they would have the largest debt in the world; not then foreseeing that they would soon be surpassed by France.

Coleridge was wont to maintain that the habitual contemplation of large objects has an expanding effect upon the mind; and he recommended a York attorney to take a house opposite the Minster with the view of neutralizing the contracting influences of his profession. Baron de Hübnér incidentally confirms this doctrine:—

Like the commercial man, the Californian trader is distinguished by largeness of views, boldness of conception, and a natural disposition to venture large means to arrive at great results. One might fancy that the size of everything in nature inspires men with grandiose ideas. This is one of the principal charms of the country, and one of the causes which

bring back most of those who have lived here for some time.

Unless things have greatly changed for the worse within the last five years, all who have their fortunes to make, or are tired of our humdrum commonplace life, should start at once for California.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind.

The moral atmosphere, as the baron found it, is like the air you breathe, and acts upon body and soul like champagne or laughing gas.

The life you lead is the same. You are in opulence or in misery. If the latter, why then, work! You are the master of your own destiny. And so they do work, and speedily become rich. In the "early days," and not so very long ago either, it was a common thing to see *gentlemen* standing at the corners of the streets offering their services as porters. You saw them dressed in one of Poole's best coats, carrying sacks of flour, trunks, pianos, and the like, for a dollar at a time. Now, we are far removed from this exceptional and primitive state of things. Every one has found his place. Hands are not wanting; only the price of hand labor, which seems fabulous to us, remains the same.

Nor is living extravagantly dear. You could be boarded, he states, and lodged at the best hotels for seventeen and a half francs a day. New York and London, he goes on to say, are fairly distanced by San Francisco, and the explanation is that there is no bad system of the past to vitiate the present or curtail the future.

The past! Why there is none! That is the secret of Californian life. Add to this, that money is always at hand for everything. That is, one has it nor not, as the case may be; but if at this moment your exchequer is empty, to-morrow it will be full. So it comes to the same thing; for every one has credit. They do not, therefore, draw back before any question of expense.

The climate also has its charms and you can always change it in an hour. You have only to cross or re-cross the gulf. Then again the extraordinary abundance of fish, flowers, and fruit at Francisco. "The very sight of these treasures of nature piled up in the public market-places, and on all sides, rejoices one's heart." The very description makes one's mouth water. Men of letters and gentlemen of the press form an important body in San Francisco, and one of the most distinguished, Mr. Hubert Bancroft, is quite as enthusiastic as the baron in its praise. This gentleman declares that there is

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 882

something indescribably fascinating about California, "a peculiar play of light and shadow on the hills and in the heart, an atmosphere aerially alcoholic."

Said one of the expatriated by the Vigilance Committee to the captain of the steamer on reaching Panama: "Captain, this is no place for me: you must take me back to San Francisco." "But they will hang you higher than Haman, if I do." "Captain," whined the evil-doer, "I would rather hang in California air than be lord of the soil of another country."*

To complete the resemblance to the Elysian fields, San Francisco is still graced by the presence of many retired heroes who were fortunate enough to escape the martyrhood of the halter, —

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

It was not till I had listened to these modern Romuluses that I understood the foundation of Rome; the ardent passions of the men who marked out its boundaries; who laid the first stone, watered by the blood of a brother; in the daily strifes for the soil which they fought for with each other as much as with the wild-beasts.

"An excursion to the "Big Trees" of Mariposa and the Yosemite Valley has become so much the fashion at San Francisco, that the traveller would forfeit all character for spirit and enterprise if he shrank from the expedition, although the distance, going and returning, is four hundred and forty miles, the mode of travelling disagreeable, and the accommodation bad. The baron joined a party of excursionists starting under the conduct of Mr. Coulter, the Californian Cook.

What an idea of a party of pleasure! Nevertheless there is some fun in it. There are three or four grave and silent Yankees, with their wives; but there is a large family party from Omaha, who form the noisy element; a young lady, the very type of the "fast girl" of the period, with a lot of young men, her brother and his friends, all "swells" of the Far West. There are also a father and mother, but they are only accessories.

His powers of description are displayed to advantage on the road, but we must come at once to the object of the journey, the Big Trees.

There are more than four hundred, which, thanks to a diameter of more than thirty feet, to a circumference of more than ninety feet, and a height of about or more than three hundred feet are honored with the appellation of the *Big Trees*. Some of them have lost their

* The Californians. By Walter M. Fisher. London, 1876.

crown, or been in part destroyed by fire, that scourge of Californian forests. Others, overthrown by tempests, are lying prostrate on the soil, and are already covered with those parasitic creeping plants which are ever ready to crop up round these giant corpses. One of these huge hollow trunks makes a natural tunnel. We rode through it in all its length on horseback without lowering our heads. Another, still standing and green, permits a horseman to enter it, turn round, and go out of it by the same opening. These two trees form the great attraction of the tourists.

The ground on which they stand, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, is a deep hollow of the mountains, covered with a thick virgin forest. They were discovered in 1855, and a law has been passed for their protection. The discoverer, an Englishman, gave them the name of *Wellingtonia*, by which they are known in Europe, but the Americans have christened them *Sequoia gigantea*, after an Indian chief who had been kind to the whites.

An accomplished traveller who preceded Baron de Hübner in 1867, states on the authority of a scientific commission, that the trees are 612 in number, almost in one clump, and that the largest, the "Grizzly," is thirty-six feet in diameter and three hundred and sixty feet high, twenty feet higher than St. Paul's. The first branch is two hundred and thirty feet from the ground.*

Twenty miles from the Big Trees is the Yosemite Valley, which has been bought by the Californian legislature to exclude the miners and preserve unsullied the primitive beauty of the spot. These sacrifices to taste should be remembered when the Americans are twitted with an exclusive devotion to dollars and cents.

What struck the baron most in the Yosemite Valley were the rocks; the classic simplicity of their shapes contrasting with their enormous size as they rise all in one piece from the depths of the gorge up to the sky.

It is said that in order to appreciate the grandeur of the nave and cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, you must see them many times. Here the traveller feels just the same. Nature, good architect and good gardener, has chosen to put such harmony in the proportions

of this landscape, that it is less by the eyes than by calculating heights and distances that one is enabled to take it in. But having done so, one is filled with astonishment, with admiration, with respect for the powerful Hand which, in modelling these rocks, has stamped upon them the impress of its grandeur.

Social equality in this district is pushed to such an extreme that it becomes inequality. The recognized etiquette is for the attendants of all sorts, bullock-drivers and grooms inclusive, to take their meals, at the same table, off the same dishes.

We are called again at four o'clock. The farm servants and our coachmen breakfast first, as usual. Behind the chair of each of the servants a traveller is patiently standing; he is watching for the moment when the place will be free, and he can take possession of it. After the servants have finished their breakfast quite at their ease—and they take their time about it—one of the coachmen gets up and turning round to us, says, brutally: "Now, eat fast." Another adds: "We'll give you ten minutes. Those who are not ready then will be left behind."

On July 1st, the baron leaves the pier of the Pacific Mail Company in one of their steamers for Japan. It is a voyage of five thousand miles without a break, but its duration, owing to the normal calmness of the sea, can be calculated to a nicety, and "on the 24th July, a little after nine A.M., exactly as we had been promised at San Francisco, we step on the mysterious shores of the 'Empire of the Rising Sun.'" Having recently devoted an article to "Japan, as It Was and Is,"* we shall be comparatively brief in our notice of the chapters of the baron's work relating to it, replete as they are with valuable information and suggestive remarks. We shall limit ourselves to some passages in which he depicts with his wonted force and vivacity the most remarkable customs and institutions; which it may be useful to fix because everything in Japan is in a transition state. So rapid have been the changes, that reforms which hardly three years since struck us as revolutionary and unsafe, have since been quietly and efficiently completed.

Others equally sweeping are in progress. Take, for example, the short work that has been made with the landed aristocracy, who, in old Japan, the Japan of twenty years since, were as powerful as

* Peking, Jeddo, and San Francisco. The conclusion of "A Voyage round the World." By the Marquis de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Agnes and Helen Stephenson, with fifteen engravings from photographs. London, 1872. (The entire voyage is comprised in three volumes. It was made in an opposite direction from Baron de Hübner's, and begins with Australia, which occupies the whole of the first volume.)

* The *Quarterly Review* for July, 1874. When this article was written, only the first volume of Mr. Adam's "History of Japan" had appeared. The second volume was published in 1876, bringing down the regular history to 1871, and including occurrences of a more recent date.

the English barons under the Plantagenets or the great French nobles till Richelieu took them in hand. They consisted of two hundred and sixty great feudatories or chiefs of clans, named daimios, with bands of armed retainers, varying from two hundred to two thousand, attached to them by ties even stricter than those that bound Evan Dhu to Fergus M'Ivor or the Campbells to M'Callummore. The notions of duty which actuated these men, and the resulting lawlessness, may be collected from the legend of "The Forty-seven Rôins," for which we are indebted to the graceful pen of Mr. Mitford.*

Passing over the introductory details we come to the scene which is the main cause of the catastrophe. A daimio, named Tikumi no Kami, having been insulted in the palace of the mikado by another daimio, named Kôtsuké no Suké, drew his dagger and was with difficulty prevented from killing the aggressor, who escaped with a wound. Takumi was arrested, tried by the imperial council, and condemned to perform *hara kiri*, i.e. to commit suicide by disembowelling. This sentence involved all the consequences of an attainder. "Such was the law. So Takumi performed *hara kiri*; his castle of Ako was confiscated, and his retainers having become rôins,† some of them took service with other daimios and others became merchants." Forty-seven of these, including Oishe Kuranosuké who acts as their chief, form a league to avenge their deceased lord and restore the honor of his house by inflicting exemplary vengeance on Kôtsuké. By a series of stratagems, involving an extraordinary amount of endurance and self-sacrifice, they succeed in throwing their intended victim off his guard, and on a cold night in mid-winter they arrive unsuspected before his castle. The high sense of honor which actuated them was shown by the message which they sent to the neighboring houses:—

We, the rôins, who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night-robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighboring houses. We pray you to set your minds at ease.

An animated picture is given of the assault, which is as fertile of romantic episodes as the storming of Front de Boeuf's castle in "Ivanhoe." The place is taken after a desperate defence, and Kôtsuké, a noble-looking man, sixty years of age, draped in a white satin sleeping-robe, is dragged from a place of concealment into the presence of the rôin leader, who drops on his knees before him, and after explaining the purpose of their coming in the most respectful terms, concludes: "I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And, now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara kiri*. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami."

Kôtsuké, we shame to say it, was unequal to the part. He could not make up his mind to die with dignity, to die the death of a noble; and after courtesy had been pushed to the utmost limits, and every topic of persuasion exhausted, the rôin chief threw him down and cut off his head with the same dagger with which their deceased lord had disembowelled himself. They then went their way rejoicing, carrying the head in a bucket, till they came to the monastery in which Takumi no Kami was buried. After laying it on the tomb, Kuranosuké gave all the money he possessed to the abbot, and said: "When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently; I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle I have to offer, such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls." The performance of this operation on their part was not altogether optional, as they were formally condemned for murder; but they one and all met their self-inflicted death nobly; their corpses were buried in front of the tomb of their lord; "and when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men."

This legend dates from 1727. It rested on oral traditions or popular tales, scattered and varying, till Mr. Mitford reduced them into artistic form and consistency. But the principal facts are historical. The tombs are one of the lions of Yedo. In the written justification (still extant) found on their bodies, they quote a precept of Confucius: "Thou shalt not live under the same sky nor tread the same earth as the enemy of thy father or thy lord."

* "Tales of Old Japan." By A. B. Mitford. Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. In Two Volumes. With Illustrations drawn and cut on wood by Japanese Artists. London, 1871.

† Rôin, literally "wave man," means a person entitled to bear arms, who has been released from or thrown off the feudal tie, and is (so to speak) "upon the loose."

"How," they ask, "could we read this verse without blushing?"

Only three years ago (remarks the baron), a man, after having prayed before the tomb of young Chikara, the son of Kuranosuké, disembowelled himself. The wound not being mortal, he cuts his throat. Why? A paper found on his body declared that he was a *rônin* who had wished to enter the clan of the Prince de Chôshiu; that his petition had been refused; that he would not serve any other master; and that he had, in consequence, come to die and be buried by the graves of the brave. This was in 1863. How, after such facts as these, can one believe that the historic constitution of a country, which is the growth of centuries, can suddenly fall into ruins? that all the feelings and ideas which form its groundwork and its moral basis have vanished, and that, with a few decrees on rice-paper "*on changera tout cela*," as Molière's Médecin exclaims?

Yet this historic constitution was in process of dissolution when the baron was deprecating its fall. Witness his own reception by the mikado, the omnipotent and infallible, who used to live secluded from the gaze of even his own subjects, like the Lama of Thibet. This transcendental personage absolutely condescended to ask advice from a foreigner, whose very presence within the sacred precincts of the palace was a profanation by the laws, religion, and customs of old Japan.

"I hear," he said, "that, for a long time, you have filled important positions in your own country, and that you have exercised the office of ambassador on several occasions. I do not exactly understand what has been the nature of your occupations. If, from the results of your experience, you have learned things which it would be useful for me to know, I beg of you to speak without reserve to my principal counsellors."

In accordance with etiquette, the mikado only murmured these words between his teeth, emitting almost inarticulate sounds. These were repeated by a high official and translated by the dragoman. The baron made a reply, settled beforehand, in which, after expressing the highest confidence in his Majesty's ministers, he hazarded a hope that they would proceed with circumspection, and bear in mind that many things which are good in Europe may not prove so in Japan.

I do not think I shall ever forget the scene of this morning: that fairy-like garden; those mysterious pavilions; those grave statesmen in their gorgeous court dresses, walking about with us in the shrubberies of those beautiful pleasure-grounds, and that oriental potentate

who presents himself like an idol, and who believes and feels himself to be a god.

On conversing with the counsellors to whom he was referred, he found that they had already abolished the feudal rights of the daimios and had formed a plan for disarming the samurais, the class of feudal retainers whose distinctive privilege it was to wear two swords, which they were in the habit of using, with or without provocation, in a way to create a general feeling of insecurity. All the murderous assaults on members of the British embassy were committed by these two-sworded gentry, and Baron de Hübnér had a narrow escape in a chance encounter with three of them.

It is always the same story. Two samurais drink together in a tea-house. They begin talking of the foreigners. One gets excited and says, "I am quite determined to kill one of them." Another gets up and cries, "I'm your man—we'll go together." They go out and with their swords, which are as sharp as razors, they cut in pieces the first white man they may chance to meet. They do not for a moment forget that their own lives will be forfeited by the act. They make up their minds beforehand to sacrifice them.

It seemed likely at one time that the samurais could only be disarmed or suppressed by some such summary measures as were taken with the Janissaries, but the desired result was effectually brought about by the commutation of their hereditary pay or pensions, followed by an edict authorizing them to lay aside their swords, of which they readily took advantage and joined the regular army or sank into ordinary citizens. In fact, fashion, public opinion, and the new order of things had set in with a force against which they found it impossible to stand out.*

It was mainly by the assertion of the supreme authority of the mikado that so many radical changes were effected; and not many years since the mikado was little better than a myth. He was regarded as the spiritual head, with no more temporal power over the empire than was held by the pope beyond the secular dominion of the Church. Lord Elgin treated with the siogun, a kind of hereditary mayor of the palace, who, with the feudal aristocracy, really governed the country; and Sir Rutherford Alcock entitles his valuable work "*The Capital of the Tycoon*," † this

* Adams, vol. ii. p. 285. The recent insurrections of the disestablished samurais and others appear to have been easily suppressed. (*The Times*, Dec. 28, 1876.)

† *The Capital of the Tycoon: A Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan.* In two vols. 1863.

being a title signifying sovereignty, which the siogun had assumed to throw dust in the eyes of the French and English plenipotentiaries, whose involuntary error in mistaking the vassal for the lord hastened his downfall by rallying round the adverse standard all who hated or feared the foreigner. Deeming this an insufficient cause for so sudden a downfall, Baron de Hübner did his best to discover a more satisfactory one.

On this capital point, as on so many others, one is reduced to conjectures. Iwakura alone (the secretary for foreign affairs), to whom I ventured to address the question, gave me a clear and precise answer: "The sioguns," he said, "were detested by the Japanese nation, who are full of loyalty and affection for its legitimate sovereign the mikado." "But how does it happen, then, that the Japanese nation, so full of attachment to the emperor, has borne with these usurpers for seven centuries; and why has their long-dormant loyalty so suddenly woke up into life?" To this question he made no answer whatever.

Amongst the many marked symptoms of growing liberality under the new *régime* is the unchecked circulation, in 1871, of a Japanese pamphlet strongly advocating the introduction of Christianity.* Its favorable reception, however, will appear less surprising if we reflect that the Japanese mind, rushing from one extreme to another, is beginning to resemble the French mind immediately prior to the Revolution of 1789, and that the national religion has been long regarded by the cultivated class much as the classical mythology was regarded by the wits, philosophers, and fine gentlemen of Greece and Rome. When Confucius was questioned by one of his disciples about the other world, the sage made answer: "I have never been there, so I know nothing about it." Such, remarks the baron, is the faith of the present privy council of the mikado:—

Religion is at a low ebb. None but women and old men go out of their houses morning and evening, at sunrise and sunset, to adore the beneficent luminary. As a general rule, no one prays, except to obtain a favor. Wives ask the gods to make their husbands faithful; the sick plead for health, young girls for a new gown, a jewel, a lover, or a husband.

The Japanese women, with the exception of the higher class, are not particularly distinguished by modesty. But the higher class doggedly adhere to a custom from which a European dragon of virtue would instinctively recoil. Immediately on the

adoption of the married state, they disfigure their faces so as to destroy all semblance of beauty, if it exists: the professed object being to avoid temptation,—to prevent the seduction of flattery, to which in a weak moment they might succumb. This is plausible enough as regards the wife, but how about corresponding fidelity in the spouse? Mr. Oliphant states that when the wife has pulled out her eyebrows and blackened her teeth, the husband places her at the head of his establishment, and adds to it an indefinite number of handmaidens who have not gone through the process of disfigurement. "Hence it seems not difficult to account for the phenomenon, which is universally admitted, that, whilst Japanese wives are celebrated for their virtue, their husbands are no less notorious for their licentiousness."*

Besides, as regards the wives, what a want of self-reliance, of conscious virtue, they exhibit; what a fund of merit they throw away!

Let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame; he who in virtue arms
A young warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

This is equally true when the young warm spirit is a woman; when the parts of tempted and tempter are reversed. It was told of Madame de Staël—the lady who said that in her "*Mémoires*" she had only drawn herself *en buste*—that she avowedly disliked praying to be saved from temptation "because it was so pleasant."

There is another practice common to both sexes, against which we should have expected the fair sex, at all events before marriage, to rebel. Referring to Iwakura, Baron de Hübner says: "He told me he was forty-eight years old. In Japan, as in China, the question of age is the first which well-educated people address to one another." In most civilized countries, such questions are generally regarded as ill-bred, and it is only persons who are or think themselves superior to conventional rules, that venture on them. When they do, it is perhaps allowable to answer as a celebrated lady long past her teens answered William the Fourth, who asked her how old she was, "Fourteen, your Majesty;" on which, not hearing or not attending to her reply, he proceeded to put the same question to two or three others in succession. We have no reason to doubt that the Japanese magnate told

* Adams, vol. ii. p. 302.

* Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, vol. ii. p. 114.

Baron de Hübner the truth, when he said he was forty-eight; but, as a general rule, when a man volunteers to tell his income, or a woman her age, he or she is meditating a fib.

Baron de Hübner left the "Empire of the Rising Sun" for the "Celestial Empire," which he reached in the beginning of October, 1871. Here again, he is on well-trodden ground. What a difference since (in 1778) Johnson's exhortation to Boswell, on his saying that he would go to see the Wall of China but for his children. "Sir, by doing so you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a lustre reflected on them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times regarded as the children of a man who had gone to see the Wall of China. I am serious, sir." So many have not only seen the famous wall, but most of the other objects of interest in China, that little fame or importance remained to be won in it by the most enlightened traveller. But Baron de Hübner seldom fails either to place familiar things in a new point of view or to make them the subject of reflections which a superficial observer would have missed. Immediately after landing at Shanghai he begins to speculate on the respective shares of the English and French in creating it, now a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, after a desperate struggle with nature and every species of difficulty. He assigns the chief credit to the English, who own nine-tenths of the capital and (he says) are signal examples of the national spirit of self-reliance and self-help.

The English factory is the creation of individuals, helped by the moral support, and exceptionally and very rarely by the military and naval forces of their government. The French establishments are the work of the government itself, accomplished with or without national concurrence.

The official agents of France march at the head of their colonists, whereas the British functionaries only form the rear-guard and reserve. The first inspire and direct their countrymen; the second protect and often have to control them. The official agents of both countries are the constant object of the criticisms of their countrymen. The English complain of too much interference, the French of too little. The English exclaim: "Our consul meddles in everything;" the French, "Our consul cares for nothing."

M. Taine contrasts the confusion and disorder which follow the overthrow of a constitution or the downfall of a dynasty

in France with what he thinks would have been the self-possession of the English if the Gunpowder Plot had met with plenary success. "Only the peak of the government would have been carried off; the rest would have remained intact; the exploded peers and members would have been speedily replaced." Baron de Hübner would agree with M. Taine:—

Withdraw these officials, take away the French flag, recall the French ships in the harbor, and I would bet you ten to one that in a few years the whole establishment will have disappeared. In an English factory things would be quite different. After the departure of their consul and of the queen's troops, the residents would set about at once maintaining order, and, if necessary, organizing a defence against an external enemy.

But here his praise of us as colonizers stops short. If colonization consists in carrying civilization into the heart of the native population of the territory you occupy, then, he contends, the Portuguese and Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth century deserved to be esteemed the first colonizers upon earth.

Thus, see the results. Wherever the Spaniards have reigned we find Indian tribes who have embraced Christianity, and adopted, in a certain measure, our habits and ideas. The greater part of the politicians whom we now see at the head of their republics are of Indian origin. I have had pure red-skins as colleagues; and I have seen ladies of the same color, dressed by Worth, delighting in Patti's *routades*. I do not quote these personages as models of statesmen; or these fair critics as great authorities in music; but the fact is none the less significant. Well, this is the work of Spanish colonization. Can one say the same thing of the effect of English emigration? Evidently not. I set aside all question of India, which I have not yet visited. But everywhere, especially in North America, the contact of the Anglo-Saxon race with semi-barbarous savages is fatal to the latter. They only adopt European vices; they hate and fly from us, and that is the wisest thing they can do; or else they perish miserably. In every way they remain what they have always been—savages. But what is the use of discussing the comparative merits of different nations? Rather let us render to each their due.

There is great use in discussing the comparative merits of nations. It is the only way in which they can profit by the experience or example of each other. Nor need discussion prevent our rendering their due to all.

The Wall of China impresses him less than the walls of Pekin:—

The walls of Pekin are fifty or sixty feet high; twenty, forty, and fifty feet wide; and of a circumference of more than twenty English miles.

Pekin is like a great camp of barbarians bivouacking round the tent of their chief, and sheltering those who till the ground. The nomad protects the tiller of the soil. Ah! it is indeed Asia; and I understand that, in the imagination of the people of the high central lands from Ural to Kashgar, from Kiachta to Hindukush, Shuntian (Pekin) is the city of cities, the terrestrial paradise, the centre of the world. To me it is the type of the ancient cities mentioned in the Bible. It is Babel or Nineveh — grand, heroic, and barbarous.

At Pekin, he grapples boldly with the grand question, how to reconcile the general look of decay with the qualities and disposition of the Chinese, whose energy, activity, and intelligence have made them such formidable rivals in so many foreign labor markets. This question was raised, more than once, in a company comprising the most distinguished members of the diplomatic body at Pekin and others who had enjoyed the best opportunities of considering it.

"This decadence," I asked, "is it only apparent, or is it real? Is it the nation or only the dynasty which is being extinguished?"

"This is a theme," they answered, "which is both complex and inexhaustible. China is a country of contradictions. The ideas of the people are essentially conservative. Their ways of thought, habits, dress — saving some insignificant modifications — are to-day what they were a thousand or a couple of thousand years ago. But nowhere are buildings constructed which are so little solid or durable. With the exception of a pagoda at — (the name escaped me), in the province of Kiangsi, of which the construction goes back to the tenth century, there is not in the whole empire a single edifice which reckons more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty years.

"They are essentially patriarchal; and yet, except eight or nine princely families, they have no hereditary nobility. On the contrary, the nobility conferred by the emperor descends one degree in each generation, and finally disappears. The son of a marquis, for instance — that is, of a man whose rank corresponds with the rank of a marquis in our country — will be an earl; his son, again, a baron; his grandson will have no title at all."

This accounts in some measure for the absence of stability. Then there is a bureaucracy whose action for all useful purposes is neutralized by forms. All their offices are circumlocution offices. An instance is given in which the finance minister begins by writing to the finance

minister, *i.e.*, himself. But the fount and origin of all the evil is the autocratic centralized character of the government. The unanimous opinion of the baron's informants was thus expressed: —

The trade of a sovereign is no sinecure in China. If the emperor takes no part in public affairs, or if he neglects to fulfil his duties, public interests suffer. Thus, look at Pekin at this moment; the streets are like gutters, the streams are all open, the flags of marble, which formerly covered them, are broken, and their scattered pieces still further impede the circulation; the temples are in a state of dirt, which would be shocking to the faithful, if the faithful ever visited them; the public buildings are in the most deplorable state; and outside the capital, the canals, those great arteries of the country, are more than half ruined; the royal roads are transformed according to the season, into dried-up torrents, rivers, or marshes. All this is the result of the last two reigns. An energetic, active, and intelligent prince would put all this to rights, and, in a few years, do away both with the effects of the bad government of his predecessors, and the decadence which strikes every European, but which does not surprise the natives.

The (then) reigning emperor, Tungche, eight years old in 1871, died in 1875, and was succeeded by an infant, so that the traveller may still exclaim with the poet, —

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

We part with reluctance from this book, and so will every qualified reader who takes it up. The tone, spirit, and mode of treatment are excellent throughout. If it were ever our destiny to put a girdle round the globe, or to survey mankind from China to Peru, we should desire no better companion or guide than the author. He has all the qualities that could be required in a fellow-traveller: large experience, ample knowledge, a well-trained intellect, a fertile fancy, animation, observation, and sagacity.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT'S SILVER ROUBLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY GREVILLE.

NIKITA VLASSIEF was born in the reign of Catherine of Russia, who died in 1796, but his memory went no further back than the war of 1812. The Russian peasant has very little memory for past events, unless indeed, he gives up farm

labor, and expands his intelligence by trading.

What possible reminiscences can a man have who never saw any change except the changes of the seasons, for whom all other things remain the same as they were on the day he was born?

There are, however, two dates which have made a deep impression on the Russian peasant's mind; one is February 9 (19), 1861, the date of the emancipation of the serfs throughout the empire, the other is 1812, the date of the French invasion.

Nikita was a serf on a very large estate in the government of Smolensk. His life till 1812 had been passed in the usual monotony. He had been married, had had half a dozen children, had lost three of them, his stalwart form was getting somewhat bowed by scanty food, and by hard labor, he paid his dues regularly to his master in days' work or in kind, and got tipsy no oftener than his neighbors, when a rumor got abroad that the *Musselmen* were attacking Holy Russia.

By "Musselmen" the Russian peasant meant "all foreigners," at that day and even now in distant provinces of the empire it is more than likely that he still calls every stranger a Musselman or pagan, so strong is the impression left by three centuries of struggle with the Turks upon the national memory. No newspaper ever circulated on the estate of a great proprietor — why should it? since nobody on the estate could read except the proprietor himself, the parish priest, or the family chaplain.

But love of country needs no book-learning to nourish it. When news came of the French invasion every creature who could carry arms shouldered his scythe, his fork, or pickaxe, and made ready for the enemy.

The route of the advancing host did not pass near Nikita's village, the inhabitants of which growled at the disappointment, and sullenly waited for the return. They had not long to wait. When the first snow came the French army was in full retreat from Moscow, and this time the line of march was not so well preserved. The main body indeed followed its route, but many a column lost its way, and so surely as any party attempted a short cut it never rejoined its regiment.

The peasants had laid plans how they would hide in ambush, in woods, ravines, and brushwood, to defend their country. Their country wanted no defending now, but they were eager to avenge her.

Forty years later Nikita, who had for-

gotten the incidents of his wedding, and the ages of his children, distinctly recollected all that happened at that day.

"I came down on them," he would growl under his breath, with his grey bleary eyes lighted up with the recollection, "the pagan dogs, who came to attack our country! But we got rid of them. At first we cut them off with picks, and scythes, and axes, but afterwards we killed them with their dead men's guns. I had never seen a gun till then, but I soon learnt how to shoot one, and when all who *could* run had run away, we buried the rest of them. Hi! but there were lots of guns, and swords, and knapsacks, and every thing! We loaded carts full of them. We sold them in the towns, and shared the money. Hadn't I money at that time? hadn't I thought? I never thought there was so much money in the world as I saw then."

The proverb says, "Ill-gotten gains will never prosper." Nikita prospered however in a small way; and it may be questioned whether arms and munitions stolen from invaders on their retreat, can be justly considered "ill-gotten." This is a matter that we leave to moralists — perhaps it will be solved only at the Last Judgment.

Nikita's fortune, however, was not that of a millionaire. He bought two cows, and, with the money made by butter, introduced into his village the use of pins, and tiny looking-glasses, and other similar wares. Peddling these knickknacks from town to hamlet, and from hamlet to town, he accumulated a good deal of latent rheumatism, brought on a slight stroke of paralysis, and scraped together in all about twenty-five silver roubles; the silver rouble being equal to our dollar.

A commercial crisis swept over Russia in those days, taking its revenge on capital and accumulation, but it did no damage to the capital of Nikita, for his was in hard cash, and not in paper.

When he found himself possessed of twenty-five silver roubles, all in small silver or copper coins, which he had tied in an old rag, and hid in a hole in the wall, he grew full of anxiety about their future safety.

A peasant family in Russia lives, like the Esquimaux, in one hut, containing only one large room, sometimes divided by a thin partition. Generation after generation inhabits the same cabin; grandparents, aunts, uncles, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, infants, and little children sleep at night on top of the enormous

stove, which occupies the centre of the room, enclosed in brick-work, and standing a couple of feet or so from the ground. In summer they repose on wooden benches which stand round the chamber. Occasionally on very hot nights some of them go and sleep upon the hay-mow; but this is a rare piece of self-indulgence. In the first place the Russian peasant always dreads a draught; in the next the haylofts are filled full after hay-harvest, besides which animals always dislike hay that a man has lain upon, and a merchantable crop is too precious to have anything subtracted from its value.

So Nikita did not feel comfortable about his roubles. The two sons and the daughter who lived with him had a whole hive of children. It was probable, he thought, that some of them might one day come upon his hiding-place, and then small copper coins would disappear, and after that some of the silver, and by-and-by he might come to look for it and find it gone.

The old man at last resolved to make one more journey to the nearest city. He borrowed the cart and horse of his oldest son, put on his Sunday sheepskin, was absent all one night, and the next day returned home again, in gay spirits, and a little tipsy, with his hand pressed tight across his chest, an attitude unusual with him before.

The children looked at him with all their eyes.

"Ah, yes, my little chicks," he cried, "my twenty-five roubles have all turned into a bit of paper! a beautiful bit of lilac paper, sewed up in a little parcel. Granddaddy means to sleep with it every night, look you! and you know he always sleeps with one eye open. Ah, ah, you young rogues, it is all safe! No more picking and stealing!"

The little ones, who very probably had found out his old rag, and may have filched an occasional copper from his store, did not appear to share in his extreme hilarity, whereupon he kicked several of them, pulled the two youngest by the ears, and lay down upon the stove, to sleep off both his liquor and his excitement on the occasion.

From that time forth the old man never did a stroke of work, but sat basking in the sunshine, while everybody round him toiled from morning to night.

"It's your turn now," he said between his teeth, when he saw his household going forth to labor for their master, "I've paid all he can ask of me. I've made my

fortune. I've brought you into the world, and fed you till you grew to be men and women. Now take care of the old man. When *you* are old *your* children will have to look after you."

When they were gone the old fellow would draw out of his bosom the calico bag which contained his bank-note. He would turn it over and over, smell it, rub it against his cheek, pat it, and make the paper crackle between his fingers and thumbs.

One day a sudden terror seized upon him. He ran and got a sharp-pointed knife, came back into the sun before his cabin, and began to cut the stitches of his little parcel. A dreadful apprehension had arisen in his mind.

Suppose that by some witchcraft the lilac paper should have lost its value? Suppose somebody had changed it for a piece of plain, white, vulgar, useless paper?

His hands trembled so much that he could not manage the knife properly. He cut himself, and threw it down, and used his teeth to tear away the stitches. His eyes glistened with excitement as he undid the precious folds. There it lay. It was still lilac—still his bank-note. It was worth twenty-five silver roubles still.

Nikita smoothed it lovingly. He held it up to the sun, looked at the light through it, marked out the outline of the water-mark (the double-headed eagle) with his finger, and then, as if intoxicated by the sight of his wealth, and moved to physical complacency by the warmth of the spring day, he went on to whisper to it loving words, patting it and blessing it as if it were a child.

A shadow came between him and the sun. Nikita raised his head with a start of consternation, but when his angry eyes rested on the intruder, their expression became less fierce. He pulled off his cap, and rose to greet his pastor.

"Are you not ashamed, Nikita," said the priest, "to be so fond of money? Your children are working themselves to death for want of a second horse, and there you have, sewed up in a bag, much more than enough to buy one."

"My sons have got to work for their own horse, parson," replied Nikita, "and it is only right they should. I worked in my time and nobody gave me a horse. Besides a horse may die, and then what becomes of my money?"

"Well, you might lay it out in something else," replied the pastor.

Father Jakim was an excellent man,

rather given to speculative investigations and discoveries. He was very fond of making his parishioners talk, to find out, as he said, "what men had hidden in their souls."

"You never gave a taper to the Holy Virgin, nor to your patron saint," he said. "Do you expect them at the day of judgment to make intercession for you?"

"Plenty of time to provide for that," replied Nikita.

"Time!" cried the priest, "what do you mean by time, you hoary sinner? You are on the verge of the grave!"

"No, not so bad as that, good father. I am perfectly well at present," said Nikita.

"Old man, how old are you?"

"I don't know, your reverence."

"How old were you in 1812?"

"About thirty."

"Well, then, you must be hard upon seventy years old, and you talk about having plenty of time before you! Repent of your sins *now*, while God is pleased to spare you."

"All right. I will repent, father."

"And about those tapers?"

"All right too. I'll attend to them. Please give me your blessing, father."

He knew the good priest's blessing would cost nothing, otherwise the oldascal would have dispensed with the benediction. The pastor gave it him, however, and went away, amused by this peep at the queer weaknesses of human nature.

A fortnight after (Nikita had done nothing about the tapers) his son's horse justified the opinion he had expressed concerning horseflesh as an investment, for it died, as it had lived, in the cart, engaged in its daily labor.

This was a great misfortune to the whole family. A horse is as important as the shirt on his back to the Russian serf. The fields in Russia lie fallow three years out of four, and the great distances things have to be carried upon those enormous farms make a horse absolutely necessary, even if the peasant and his family have to live on one meal a day for a year to pay for it.

Nikita's sons determined to implore their father to lend them money enough to buy a horse. Horses are not dear in Russia. Before the Crimean War a very good little work-horse might be bought for twelve or fifteen roubles.

On Sunday when they all came home from church, before sitting down to table, the brothers threw themselves at their

father's feet, and holding up their hands, they both cried, "Give us a blessing!"

Nikita quietly waited the request that would follow this preamble.

"You know our horse is dead," said the elder.

"We cannot afford to buy another," said the younger.

"Yes," said Nikita, "Providence seems to have been very hard on you. We are told that the Lord chastens those he loves."

"Lend us the money to buy a horse!" cried the elder.

"We will all pray God to bless you, forever and ever!" cried the younger. The whole family, women, children, and infants who were standing by, now fell upon their knees before the head of the family.

The old man put his hand inside his shirt, and patted the little bag hung around his neck by a string.

"May the Lord take pity on you," he said, "I can do nothing for you."

"Oh father! our protector, our benefactor, our dear father!" they all cried, in that note of supplication, which rises a full octave higher than the highest note of the greatest tenor, "help us, take pity on us!"

With a gesture they could all understand, Nikita stopped his ears. The supplication ceased.

"There are Jews," said the old man, "you must borrow."

He sat down at table; and no one said another word, for a Russian's respect for the head of his family is so great that no one dared to push petition or remonstrance further, nor did any one even dream of stealing his little property. Most likely his sons called him, behind his back, Old Nick, dog in the manger, and whatever else is Russian for expressions of that kind, but no one was wanting for a moment in deferential consideration.

They went to a Jew. Nikita said truly, "There are plenty of Jews in Russia." There are plenty there and everywhere. The best part of the poor peasants' earnings finds its way into the clutches of the Jews.

A new horse filled the old stall in the stable, and things went on as before, except that the economy of the family was more severe than ever. Nikita, however, insisted upon having all the comforts he was accustomed to.

"It was not my fault," he observed, "that the horse died. I want my kvass and my tea, as I have always had."

His daughter gave it him — eating less and toiling more. But it was not she who fell ill. Poetical justice does take place sometimes — it was Nikita.

One evening he remained too long after the sunset on the bank of the river. He had high fever in the night, and a severe chill the next day, when he lay on the top of the enormous stove, shivering under a great pile of cloaks and sheepskins. Two or three days passed. He got no better. Now and then he asked for drink in a hoarse voice, when the little grandson, left to wait on him, would give him the kvass-jug. The sick man would eagerly drink the sour beverage, and turning round, without a word of thanks, would go off into a doze again.

The fourth day his condition began to alarm the family. The Russian peasant seldom takes much notice of the sufferings of any member of his household, and very rarely any of his own. The spirit of fatalism and unlimited resignation, which is the most marked feature in his character, leads him to look on sickness and on death as disagreeable but inevitable things, to be accepted like a change of temperature, a storm of wind, or any other accident of the seasons. But Nikita was the head of the family. His life was more precious than one of their own. His eldest son proposed to him to bring the midwife. Don't smile, O sons of cities! for the world turns round. Our modern question about women doctors was practically settled once upon a time, was unsettled about one hundred years since, and has now come up for reconsideration. It is the midwife — the *sage femme* — who sets the broken bones, binds up important wounds, gives simple remedies for human nature's various ills, in remote villages, not only in Russia, but in more civilized countries, even at the present day.

"The devil take your midwife," snarled the sick man. "Time enough to send for her when I am dying."

"It is not so very far to the town," put in the second son at length, "suppose we go and get the doctor?"

Nikita hardly let him finish his suggestion before he flung a wooden bowl at him, which had contained some gruel. The missile struck him on one side of his head, and the poor fellow stood half-stunned and quite bewildered by the effect of his kind words, wiping some drops of the cold gruel from his face with the sleeve of his jacket.

"The doctor! Yes, indeed! You must be very anxious to see my precious money

pass into other hands — my money that I took such pains and care to scrape together! You would not think of paying the old thief for coming here to see me? You would all of you come wailing about your poverty to me, and saying piteously, 'Father, we haven't got a cent — he cured you.' Deuce take you, every one of you!"

Nikita fell back as he said this, and spoke not another word that day. That night he was no better. His breathing was so difficult that the family got frightened. This time they sent for the priest.

"Bah! he's not very sick," thought Father Jakim, the moment he saw him. "He is more out of temper than anything else. Let us see what's the matter with him."

He drew near the stove, sat down upon a stool, and spoke to the old sinner.

"Nikita Vlassief," said he solemnly, "I've come to see you, to speak of the mercies of the Lord and his divine compassion."

"Good evening, good evening," growled out the patient savagely.

"You are very sick, my poor old friend. God has punished you at last. I told you you were not laying up friends for yourself when trouble was at hand. You see what happens when we put off too long."

"True, true," said Nikita, in a feeble voice, "I have been a great sinner. May God have mercy upon me!"

"Well, make up for lost time now, and, to show you are in earnest, offer some tall wax tapers to your patron saint, and to Michael the archangel, and the Blessed Virgin."

Nikita's face grew grim. He kept silence. The priest repressed a smile.

"Has anything gone wrong with you?" he said, changing the subject to one more acceptable to the sick man. "Who has been worrying you?"

"All of them!" cried Nikita, shaking his fist at his family. "They are all in a plot to make me give up my money. A little while ago that wretched horse took it into its head to die; then this morning they wanted to go and fetch the doctor; and you, too, your reverence — excuse me if I speak it out — you want my money."

"Not for myself, but for the Church," said Father Jakim, gently.

"You or the Church, it's all the same to me — you want my money. I'll never give it you! You can have it when I'm dead, — I'll have a handsome funeral, and you can burn as many tapers as you please! Do you hear that, you?" cried

he, shaking his clenched fist again at his sons. "Even when I'm dead I'll have it all. You shall not have a kopeck of it even when I'm gone."

"Gently, gently," said the clergyman. "There is no use in exciting yourself when nobody contradicts you. Listen to me. When you are dead, and Satan has got hold of your poor soul, what will be the use of burning tapers round your coffin? *Now* is the time to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, to do good works, to give of your abundance to the poor. You won't have far to go to find them. Your family is far from rich, you give them a great deal of trouble, to say nothing of bad language and cross words. Come! give them a little of your money, and I'll say prayers for nothing for your soul."

"No," cried Nikita, "no! You can pray for me after I'm dead, and my money shall pay for it. But till then, if you think I need your prayers you will have to pray for nothing. I sha'n't give you any of my money. I am tired now, begone! Go away, all of you!"

Kind-hearted Father Jakim, thus dismissed, went home, and passing into the church prayed *gratis* for the sinner.

That night Nikita went out of his mind. He fancied every one was after his precious lilac bank-note, and hurled defiance at imaginary robbers. His sons sent for Father Jakim, but the old man could not recognize him.

"You sha'n't have it! You sha'n't have it," he cried, in a piercing scream. "No, I'd rather tear it up! I'd rather throw it away!"

And all of a sudden he seized the little parcel which hung round his neck, and tearing at it with his teeth and nails, got out the note. He put it into his mouth, rolled it round for half a minute with his tongue, and swallowed it whole!

He came near choking, and called for water. After drinking, he sprang up upon his feet, with fury in his eyes.

"Ha! ha!" he cried. "You'll never get it now! I'll keep it safe! I've circumvented you!"

The family, in utter consternation, did not say a word. It had all taken place so suddenly that the priest could hardly believe his eyes.

The delirium subsided before sunrise. Nikita fell into a deep sleep with profuse perspiration.

The priest went home to his own house much troubled by what had happened.

"It was lucky for those poor people

that I was there," he said. "If he ever comes to himself the effect upon him may be dreadful, and he would certainly accuse them all of being robbers!"

We should not like to affirm that swallowing a twenty-dollar note is a certain cure for bilious fever, but in this case the imperial lilac-back worked wonders. After sleeping quietly for fourteen hours, Nikita awoke quite well, but very weak, having forgotten all that had taken place in his delirium.

For three days he did not find out the dreadful loss that had befallen him. His frightened family took good care not to tell him that his precious lilac paper was no more. But by degrees his usual gestures and his usual thoughts came back to him. He fingered the little bag that still hung round his neck, and—horror of horrors!—there was nothing there!

"The wretches! O the rascals!" he cried furiously. "They have robbed me! They have robbed me!"

They sent for the priest, who after detailing several times over what had taken place in his presence, at last succeeded in convincing the old man that he had, literally and metaphorically, swallowed up his fortune.

"God has been pleased to punish you for your hard-heartedness to your own family," he said, for he felt it was his duty to speak plainly. "The rest of your life must now be passed in poverty. Accept it, my poor fellow, as the punishment of your pride. Receive thankfully henceforth your daily bread from the hands of those dutiful children you have treated so unkindly. You will find your loss will make no difference in their treatment. You have been always wrong in supposing they had interested motives for being kind to you. Repent of your uncharitableness, and ask God to pardon you."

From that time forth, for many weeks, Nikita never uttered a single word; he seemed to be always in a kind of stupor. They carried him daily into the open air, for he was unable to walk. He would sit for hours in the sunshine (it was then the height of summer) patting the little bag upon his breast, not seeming to notice anything around him. He had a good appetite, however, and his strength returned. One day, by the help of a staff, he crawled out by himself to his favorite seat in the sunshine.

"Be off now, be off, all of you!" he cried to his children and grandchildren. "Be off and let me alone. I don't want you any more. I am well now."

These were the first words he had spoken since his misfortune.

They thought he was all right again, and went their ways, for it was harvest time, and every hand was wanted to reap, or rake, or bind.

Towards nightfall his daughter, who always came home a little before the rest to prepare their meal, came in sight of the cottage. She did not see him seated on his bench. She hurried forward. Her heart beat with a vague fear. She entered the dwelling. He was not there. She ran into the village. Nobody had seen him. She then hurried to meet her husband and her brothers. They came in haste, but could not find him.

At last, as one of them was taking the horse into the stable, he found he could not open the door. He pushed harder—something heavy swung against it with a thud.

Nikita had hung himself to the great beam just inside the stable. His right hand was stiffened over the empty bag, which, even in death, he was pressing to his bosom.

He had not long survived the loss of his dear piece of lilac paper.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOMEWHAT more than two years ago there was published in the pages of this magazine what it may be hoped was a tolerably faithful description of the House of Commons. It may not be amiss to attempt to do something of the same sort for the House of Lords. Such an effort is at least seasonable. The chamber of our hereditary legislature has certainly not been diminishing in importance during the present Parliament. An unusually large number of national measures have been originated by it; it has been the scene of many debates of great moment and of rare excellence; it has witnessed the rise and development of one or two Parliamentary reputations on a more striking scale than the House of Commons has known. The statesmanship, the oratory, the wisdom, and the debating power of the peers will compare not unfavorably with the best standard of the Commons; and the consequence is that the cry for the reform (not to speak of the abolition) of the House of Lords, has entirely subsided. There is every reason to believe that in the session of Parliament which

begins this month, the House of Lords will more than divide public attention with the House of Commons. The prime minister will have his place on the red-morocco-covered benches on the right of the woolsack, and any rumors that Lord Beaconsfield intends to abdicate the premiership in favor of the chancellor of the exchequer may be lightly regarded. It was Sir Robert Peel's opinion that the statesman primarily responsible for the conduct of her Majesty's government could not possibly discharge all the duties of his position in the House of Commons. In the address which he delivered in August last at Aylesbury Lord Beaconsfield evidently intended to endorse and emphasize this verdict of his ancient foe. Independently of the attraction which Lord Beaconsfield's presence is likely to constitute, there is the noticeable fact that half, and that unquestionably the most influential half, of the select committee which initiates the legislation of the country, and on whose conduct the fate of government and parties depends, have seats in the House of Lords. The ministry will, in fact, be extremely weak in debating resources and rhetorical capacity in the House of Commons, and abnormally strong in the House of Lords. The Conservative situation is thus exactly the reverse of what it was thirty years ago, when the late Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, was summoned in the lifetime of his father to the Upper House, to reinforce and to inspire the enfeebled and dispirited Tories. The chancellor of the exchequer and the secretary of state for war are the only two occupants of the treasury bench in the Commons who can be regarded as masters of Parliamentary tactics. Mr. Gathorne Hardy is a more impressive, vigorous, and eloquent speaker and an incomparably better debater than Sir Stafford Northcote, but he lacks the temperance of mind and the clearness of political vision which have secured for the latter the succession to Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Cross has remarkable power of lucid exposition, and has acquired the art of making neat and happy replies to Parliamentary questions. Mr. Ward Hunt has a good voice. Lord John Manners has a poor voice. Neither is a pillar of strength to his party. It is enough to mention the names of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Childers, Mr. Playfair, and above all Lord Hartington, who has acquired a rare knowledge of the House of Commons, to see the extreme disadvantage at which ministers will be in the lower

chamber of the legislature when compared with their opponents.

In the House of Lords the case is exactly the reverse. It has still to be seen whether Lord Beaconsfield, who as Mr. Disraeli was able so to supplement the mediocrity of his colleagues, as to have no cause to fear any onset from his opponents, will win the same triumphs in the House of Lords. Thirty-seven years ago he recognized that very different standards and sorts of rhetorical excellence and efficiency existed in the two Houses. He makes one of his characters say, in "The Young Duke," "One thing is clear—that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite. I intend in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House, 'Don Juan' may perhaps be my model: in the Upper House, 'Paradise Lost.'" Fortunately, Mr. Disraeli "has had time" to achieve the object of the ambition at which he prophetically hinted thirty-seven years ago. It will be interesting to see whether he will be able to master the Miltonic as completely as he has mastered the Byronic ideal. As a matter of fact, Mr. Disraeli's later Parliamentary manner is quite as well adapted to the House of Lords as to the House of Commons; and for some time past it might be thought that the prime minister had by frequent rehearsals been endeavoring to acquire the epic dignity and solemnity which he mentions as rhetorical desiderata for the peers. But if a total change were necessary, would Lord Beaconsfield be more than able to assume the change? But it must be remembered that the House of Lords, of which Mr. Disraeli spoke in "The Young Duke," was itself very different from the House of Lords which Lord Beaconsfield will address some ten days hence. It is not merely that there is a much larger supply of the popular element among the peers—that the peers themselves are now as a body quite as faithfully representatives of English interests, prejudices, tastes, likes and dislikes as the Commons; that the Upper House has unconsciously adopted many of the Parliamentary ways of the Lower. The same social and intellectual atmosphere is breathed in the House of Lords as in the House of Commons and in the clubs and drawing-rooms of London. Educated persons, whether they do or do not belong to the hereditary legislature, have all of them pretty much the same appetite in

intellectual matters. Fossil traditions and instincts are out of date, and the attributes which have secured Mr. Disraeli his ascendancy in the House of Commons will stand him in the same good stead in the House of Lords. These are facts which go some way towards minimizing or nullifying the distinction that Lord Beaconsfield has drawn between the requisite conditions for the two kinds of Parliamentary success.

Largely, in any forecast of the interest and importance which the House of Lords is this year likely to have for the nation at large, comes the consideration of the character of the debates by which it will be mainly engaged. It is safe to predict that the Eastern question, and the complicated collateral issues which arise out of it, will be prominent as in the Lower, so in the Upper House. But with what different results? The House of Commons, as it is now composed, is not competent to discuss grave and difficult topics of international relations. On the minutiae of domestic legislation—local taxation, roads bills, shipping bills, liquor bills, and the like—it can bring to bear an extraordinary amount of many-sided and practical experience. But with some half-dozen exceptions, the professed foreign politicians of the House of Commons, are enthusiasts, crotchetteers, charlatans, or all three. The comparative values of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, when issues of this description are raised, came out very strongly, not only in the foreign policy debates towards the close of last session, but also in the debates on the Imperial Title Bill. As we shall probably have enough, and more than enough, of the former in a very short while, let our retrospect be here confined to the latter. The repeatedly adjourned discussions in the House of Commons had, of course, the effect of acquainting the government with the popular prejudice which seemed to exist against the phrase—empress of India. But they did nothing more than this. They did not add to the sum of popular knowledge on the subject. They were popular protests, and nothing more. The controversy was no sooner removed into the House of Lords than it seemed to be in an atmosphere, not only of greater calmness, but of greater intelligence. The arguments adduced *pro* and *con* were those of knowledge, and not of emotion. The debates visibly enlarged the horizon of popular information. In addition to which the peers showed a more lavish profusion of

those powers which chiefly sway even a popular assemblage, than had been witnessed in the House of Commons. Perhaps the great speech of the great debate on the subject was that of Lord Napier and Ettrick. Though Lord Napier spoke from the Opposition side of the House, he spoke generally, but conditionally, in favor of the measure. With his argument we are not concerned. We refer to his speech merely because it was an illustration of eloquence, intellectual acumen, and copious knowledge which would have adorned any representative assemblage. Lord Napier and Ettrick will very shortly have no lack of similar opportunities. Many years ago, when his lordship was secretary of legation at Naples, Lady Holland asked him who was the most agreeable person attached to the embassy. He simply answered, "I am." It was perfectly true, but it is not less true that Lord Napier can boast much more than the vague merit of being agreeable. In addition to possessing great political judgment, Lord Napier has, as a diplomatist at Berlin, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg, gained a practical insight into the question of the East. There are other members of the House of Lords not less qualified to speak on such a subject than Lord Napier. His name has been merely selected here as typical of that deeper wisdom and wider enlightenment on topics outside the range of domestic statesmanship which are becoming scarcer and scarcer in the House of Commons.

As the object of this article is to present to the reader the House of Lords as it is, it need scarcely be said that we have no intention of dwelling at length upon its ancient history, or upon the many theories of its constitutional position, which have been propounded by political philosophers and practical statesmen at different times. The House of Lords, as the Marquis of Salisbury said, may not be an institution which the author of an abstract polity would care to create, but as it exists we must take it for what it is worth, and not condemn it so long as it performs its work effectively. That it does this few will care to deny, and doing this its utility is a self-evident fact, which has silenced the agitation of eight years ago. Only on three occasions since the Reform Bill of 1832 has there been any appearance or danger of a collision between the two Houses of Parliament. The first of these was in 1860. On May 21st the House of Lords had thrown out the bill for the remission of the paper tax by a majority of eighty-

nine. The opposition was successfully led by the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, who on his eighty-first birthday spoke with all the eloquence and acumen which had made him famous half a century before. The question was whether the peers had a right to reject a money bill. It was admitted that they had no right so to amend a money bill as to change the amount or incidence of taxation in any degree. On the other hand, it was shown by Lord Lyndhurst that the right now claimed by the peers of rejection had been exercised before, and was logically implied in the discussion by the House of Lords of such legislation. These arguments were not replies to the contention that it was inexpedient to assert the privilege, and as is generally the case when a consideration of technical legality arises, the controversy was ultimately decided, not by the division in the House of Lords, but on the broad grounds of constitutional policy and prudence. The matter was first relegated to a committee, and then settled by Lord Palmerston's resolutions of July 5th, 1860.* It is merely necessary to mention by name the two other instances in which differences between the House of Lords and the House of Commons have menaced a legislative deadlock. Of this the former occurred when the Bill for the Abolition of the Irish Church debate was going through Parliament in 1868, the peers ultimately giving way. While the latter took place three years later, when their lordships rejected the bill for the abolition of army purchase, and Mr. Gladstone resorted to the expedient of straining the prerogative of the crown by the issue of the royal warrant. Since then, unless, indeed, it be during the first and second sessions of the present Parliament, when the Public Worship Bill — so far as concerned the question whether the discretionary power should be vested in the bishops or only in the archbishops — and the Appellate Jurisdiction Bills, respectively, underwent considerable modification at the instance of the lords, there has been no hitch in the amicable relations of the two Houses.

The legislative activity of the House of Lords has also been noticeable since the advent of Lord Beaconsfield to power. Of the thirty-six measures of importance introduced to Parliament, twenty have originated in the peers' chamber. The Public Worship Bill in 1874, and the Judicature Act in 1875, both owed their parentage to our hereditary legislators. During last

* See "Molesworth's History," vol. iii., p. 157.

year the abortive Oxford Reform Bill first saw the light in front of the woolsack, and was the occasion of one of the most noteworthy speeches of the session from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The fact that both the secretary of state for India and for the colonies are in the House of Lords, has also undoubtedly caused that assemblage to occupy a more conspicuous place in the public eye than for some years it has done. It is to be noticed also that the recent debates in the House of Lords have not only been in many cases of a high order of excellence, but that they have introduced to public notice a larger proportion of capable candidates for political eminence comparatively, if not absolutely, than has been observed in the House of Commons elected three years ago. This is the more remarkable, seeing that the number of those who habitually take part in Parliamentary debate is much smaller in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons. In the latter the total may perhaps, roughly speaking, be thirty; in the former it is probably not more than fifteen. Further, difficult as it may be for a young and untried man to get the ear of the House of Commons, that difficulty is very much greater in the House of Lords. The young peer rises full of suppressed fire and enthusiasm, to meet with as chilling a reception as a well-bred audience can give. He is ignored; he is silenced by a general undertone of conversation; or he finds that he is defeated by the peculiar acoustic qualities of the chamber in which he essays to speak. It is a different thing if he belongs to a family traditionally famous in Parliamentary annals. If he is a Duke of Richmond, a Marquis of Salisbury, an Earl of Derby, Carnarvon, of Clarendon, or the representative of any other great political house, he will be sure of attention. But at all times the sphere of active statesmanship in the House of Lords has conformed to the conditions of a close borough, and unknown aspirants to Parliamentary fame have not been encouraged, and have proclaimed their ambition only to ensure collapse.

That this tradition has to a great extent been broken through in the course of the past year must be partly perhaps ascribed to the circumstance that the House of Lords has signally ceased to be under the domination of one or two individuals, and thus for the present the paralyzing influences which such a *régime* naturally exercises upon the rest of its members have passed away. Its ruling spirits, of course, assert themselves—Lord Cairns, Lord

Salisbury, Lord Granville, the Duke of Somerset—to mention only a few of the most prominent names. But nothing like the dictatorship which, in times past, Lord Thurlow, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Lyndhurst exercised, can now be found. There is undoubtedly a growing tendency among their lordships to give the rising talent of their house a chance, and this tendency has already had the happiest results. The representative of a long line of statesmen, the head of a house which has secured the entrance to political life of a Macaulay and a Lowe, the wearer of a title which seems to symbolize the attributes of the true Mæcenas of Whiggism, the Marquis of Lansdowne took his seat in the House of Lords with an academic as well as ancestral reputation, was at once listened to as by right of birth, and made his mark as speaker and debater, when serving as an under-secretary of state five years ago. Lord Lansdowne, who was the most promising of Mr. Gladstone's patrician recruits, may now claim to have become the *enfant terrible* of the Opposition. The last session brought to the front, though in one case not for the first time, two young noblemen of whom, from the promise of their school and college career, much was expected—Lord Colchester and the Earl of Morley. For the time, these two members of the House of Lords, though seated on opposite benches, may be said to have combined together under the leadership of Lord Lansdowne for the purpose of resisting the Ministerial Oxford Reform Bill. Lord Colchester was heard as the accepted organ of a select body of Oxford residents, and the matter of his speech was deserving of all consideration. His rhetorical manner has not changed since the days in which he used to declaim the precepts of Eldonian Toryism to the assembled undergraduates of the Oxford Union. His elocution is so defective, his voice so uncertain, his mode of expression so stilted and artificial, that though he may be useful in council, he can never be powerful in debate. Lord Morley had the same university prestige as Lord Colchester, and in addition to this was, when at Balliol, as Lord Boringdon, a favorite pupil of Professor Jowett. He has been in the House of Lords upwards of seven years, but till last session his voice had not been heard on any occasion of importance. His *début* will have hardly satisfied the expectations of his friends; and it is plain from the reception which he met, that he must di-

vest himself of a certain aggressive *doxosophy* before he can hope to be a power among his pee.s.

The case is very different with certain young noblemen who sit on the back benches of the ministerial side of the House—the Earl of Camperdown and the Earl of Aberdeen, who, with Lords Donoughmore, Rayleigh, and Walsingham, are quite the most promising of the youthful Conservative peers. In each of these there is not merely political talent and considerable rhetorical power, but pre-eminent common sense. They have none of them, as yet, delivered any set orations, save, indeed, when moving or seconding the address to the throne, a duty which has devolved upon four out of the five. All, however, have had the opportunity of speaking briefly on matters of social or domestic political importance, and have favorably impressed competent critics, whether amongst their own party or their opponents. Lord Walsingham, indeed, is less of a neophyte than the others, and has already taken rank as a practical politician of marked ability and great practical usefulness. He is, moreover, doing much outside the House of Lords: and, in the second chamber of the legislature, extra Parliamentary achievements carry more political weight with them even than in the House of Commons. His feats as a slayer of grouse may be placed upon one side, but it is not unimportant to mention that, as a trustee of the British Museum, newly appointed to the office by the prime minister, he is not disposed to regard the post as a sinecure; and that, as a scientific agriculturist, he is setting a good example to the farmers of his county.

Unquestionably the honors of last session, in the House of Lords, belonged, among the junior members of that august assemblage, to Lord Rosebery, and the only fear is lest the amount of praise which has been justly given to the young nobleman should turn his head, and spoil him for future efforts. Entering public life with no preliminary blare of academic trumpets, but with an established reputation for sagacity and acumen among those who knew him, Lord Rosebery, though he had only once or twice briefly addressed the House of Lords on unimportant topics, had delivered more than one good speech outside its walls before he distinguished himself by his remarks on the Imperial Title Bill, a year ago. He had displayed the happy knack of self-adaptation to circumstances, with equal

felicity, on occasions grave and gay; when in his capacity of president of the Social Science Congress, he surveyed the progress and condition of all branches of human knowledge, within the limits of a two hours' prelection; when as chairman at a dinner given to that actor, he proposed the health of Mr. Toole; when, while making, with Lord Bute, the grand tour of the United States, he addressed a copy of verses to Sam Ward—the hero of Welcker's and Delmonico's, the king of the lobby at Washington, and of *bons vivants* at New York—a poem which adorns to this day the album of every American lady of fashion. It should be mentioned that on the same day on which, last session, he won his laurels in the House of Lords, the Earl of Rosebery had already scored a double success at Newmarket. This accomplished, he took the train to London, and in a few hours was making the speech of the evening, that speech at Westminster in which he wittily described the new imperial title as "labelled for external application only." The knowledge of the world which Lord Rosebery has gathered is not unlikely to be highly useful to him in his political career. But the period has now arrived when this young, clever, and popular nobleman, who has given such signal evidence of political capacity, may be expected to devote more attention to the State, and less to the stable.

Has the "rising talent" of the House of Commons anything better to show than the instances which have here been mentioned? During the last session Mr. Cowen, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burt—all of them new men—made their mark. But what fresh Parliamentary lights are to be found among the many ingenuous youths who have entered the present House of Commons for the first time? Can it be said that during an entire decade among the new members of the House of Commons, who are at the present moment this side of five and thirty, there have been revealed any who has unmistakably about him the making of a statesman? The renovation to which the House of Commons is at any time liable, may alter the character of the prospect, but, as matters are, the preponderance of political promise is to be found in the House of Lords.

For the purpose of acquiring a general view of the House of Lords, its chief members, and the manner in which business is conducted therein, perhaps it will be the best plan to ask the reader to accompany us thither in imagination, on any

afternoon during the session. It is essential that the weather should be fine, for the peers' chamber is dependent on the beams of the sun for its picturesqueness of effect. It is five o'clock, and in "another place" — the House of Commons — work has been going on for three-quarters of an hour. Most of the gentlemen strolling through St. James' Park in the direction of Palace Yard, or dismounting from carriage and steed there or at the entrance to St. Stephen's from the side of Poet's Corner are peers, and from the number of them it may be inferred that an interesting or important debate is expected. The House is beginning gradually to fill as the visitor takes his seat, not behind the bar, nor in front of the House — positions the best for purposes of hearing, but the worst for purposes of vision — but in the front row of the strangers' gallery. The afternoon sun pours in through the painted windows, illuminating the gliding of the decorations, and bathing in lustre the green carpet, with its prince's-feathers of gold, and the crimson morocco of the benches. If there is something barbaric in the hues and patterns, there is some effect of historic dignity in the statues of the famous founders of noble houses, which adorn the niches in the wall, under which are inscribed names immortalized in our national story. On each side of the chambers save the side allotted to reporters, is the peeresses' gallery — that structure against which Lord Redesdale so emphatically protested on the ground that it would make the House of Lords like a casino. If gay dresses can produce this result there is certainly some danger of Lord Redesdale's apprehension being fulfilled. Given only fine weather and an attractive debate, and the peeresses' gallery will be a parterre of elaborate and multi-colored toilettes, rivalling in their resplendent variety the innumerable tints which the decorative taste of Barry has impressed upon the architecture of the fabric.

It is not only in these respects — sumptuous ornamentation, the presence of ladies, full in the sight of the assembled legislators — that the interior of the House of Lords presents such a contrast to the House of Commons.

There is an air of agreeable *abandon* in the mien and behavior of their lordships. The countenances of the members of the House of Commons have for the most part a look of anxiety or preoccupation. They enter their chamber like men oppressed with the consciousness of responsibility, burdened by a despotism of immu-

table laws and rigid etiquette. There is nothing of the sort in the House of Lords — no painful evidence of the thralldom of ceremonial, rules, or customs, or of the ruthless sacrifice of pleasure to duty. The whole atmosphere seems redolent of well-bred nonchalance and aristocratic repose. For instance, there is, in theory, a speaker of the House of Lords called though he always is the chancellor, just as there is a speaker of the House of Commons; but the functions of the two are separated by a gulf which is conclusive as to the difference of their relative positions, and also as to the spirit in which the business of the two Houses is conducted. The speaker of the House of Commons is something more than *primus inter pares*. For the time being he is regarded as of a nature different from, and superior to the honorable gentlemen by whom he is surrounded. Though there is nothing which the House of Commons likes better than a personal encounter, or a vituperative duel between any two members, there is nothing approaching to disrespect to the gentleman who is the first commoner in England — the custodian and embodiment of its privileges — that it will tolerate. When Dr. Kenealy abused Mr. Disraeli, the House of Commons merely laughed. When he comforted himself in merely a careless manner to Mr. Speaker, it showed its disgust and indignation in a most unmistakable manner. The speaker of the House of Commons is, in fact, the commissioner-in-chief of the privileges and prerogatives of the House of Commons — whom the House has agreed to make the depository of its ceremonial interests. To the lord chancellor no such trust has been delivered. The peers are a self-governed body, the preservers of their own "order," and the protectors of their own privileges. Through the Keeper of the queen's conscience may sit enthroned in majesty on the woolsack, he is not fenced round by any divinity sufficient to deter noble lords from lounging indolently, at half length, upon its well-padded sides. Save for the dignity of his garb, the chancellor might be nothing more than the usher of the court. Unlike the speaker in the House of Commons, his lordship does not decide who shall have priority. When more than one peer rises, their lordships keep order for themselves; the chancellor has not even a casting vote when the numbers in a division are equal, and his only strictly presidential duty is to put the question, and read the titles of unopposed meas-

ures. On the other hand, he is the direct representative of royalty on all occasions when the sovereign communicates with Parliament, and he is the representative official mouthpiece of the House of Peers when they hold intercourse with public bodies or individuals outside.

It is rare to find more than a third of the sittings of the House of Lords occupied. There is no need for members, as in the House of Commons, to come down a couple of hours before the business of the day begins, and bespeak a place for themselves by affixing their visiting card. All is calm and comfortable; there is no haste, no rude competition, no unceremonious jostling. It is five minutes past five, and Lord Cairns has taken his seat upon the woolsack. The proceedings of their lordships begin with what, to the spectator from the gallery, is merely a dumb show. The chancellor rises, repeats a cabalistic formula, which is in effect the titles of the measures that are not opposed — private bills and so forth — and after having murmured, in tones audible to few but himself, some twenty times, that "the contents have it," sits down, and waits for his colleagues on the ministerial bench, or his noble friends on the Opposition bench, to commence. Independently of the condition of the galleries and the space before the throne and in front of the bar, behind the iron benches at the opposite end of the House, there are other signs which will acquaint the visitor whether a keen debate or important division is expected. If it is he will notice that the Parliamentary clerk, who stands a little in front, and to the right of the entrance on the left side of the throne is particularly busy in writing down on a tablet which he carries in his hands the name of every peer whom he can see. He will also notice that a gentleman of pleasant appearance and polished address is particularly active in saluting noble lords as they come into the chamber, or after they have taken their seat. Presently the same gentleman hurriedly commits a number of names to paper, under the headings C. and N.C., not before he has first conferred with the above-named Parliamentary clerk for the purpose of verifying his catalogue, standing a little aloof, smoothing with his hand, at intervals during the process, his flowing beard. At last his task is over. He completes his calculation with a smile of satisfaction, and walks leisurely up to the Government leader in the House of Lords to whisper a few words in his ear. The Government leader is for the time the presi-

dent of the council, the Duke of Richmond, and his friend and colleague is Lord Skelmersdale, the most popular, cheery, well-favored, and assiduous ministerial "whip" ever known in their lordships' house.

Meanwhile ministers are answering the few questions to which in the House of Lords they are ever called upon to respond. The Marquis of Salisbury, in tones wherein courtesy is indistinguishable from sarcasm, is informing the Duke of Argyll that the future examination of competition wallahs is a subject that is receiving his closest attention, but that at present there is no intention of substituting Sanskrit for Greek, or physiology for Latin. Lord Cadogan has met an interrogatory from Lord Cardwell with a *non possumus*, or Lord Derby, in reply to a question from Lord Campbell and Strathearn, has declared that certain papers relative to some forgotten commercial treaty or identic note shall be laid upon the table as soon as possible. The curious feature in the collective life of the House of Lords at the present moment is that no one seems to care for what his neighbor is doing or saying. The chancellor is writing a note on his knee. The primate is talking to an archdeacon whom he has introduced into the House on the left of the episcopal bench. The Duke of Richmond is strolling into the lobby. Lord Granville is chatting to the Duke of Somerset, who sits immediately behind him. But after awhile the preliminaries come to an end, and then, if there is to be a real debate, and not merely a discursive conversation, the debate begins.

While it is in progress we will abstain from speculating on its character, and will rather occupy ourselves with a rapid glance at the more prominent of their lordships, who happen to be present, and who may possibly engage in the discussion as the evening draws on. Seated in the centre of the table just before the woolsack, is Lord Redesdale, chairman of committees, conspicuous with the invariable swallow-tail coat and white tie, looking neither older nor younger than he did a quarter of a century ago. He is busily engaged in writing letters or in looking over official documents. On his left, in the place which the late Lord Lyttelton invariably occupied, is Lord Stanley of Alderley — in appearance marvellously like what Henry Stanley was, a couple of decades ago, before the traveller had developed into the politician, and was in the habit of starting off at an hour's notice for the

wilds of Tartary, with no luggage worth mentioning but a pipe and some Turkish tobacco, prepared to dine with much satisfaction off dates and rice, and cold water. A good speaker Lord Stanley is not, and never was. He generally reads his speeches, and generally, too, in tones which it is extremely difficult to understand. But their substance is always admirable, and if the topic be distinctly related with the East, with Turkey, or India, or China and Japan, Lord Stanley's authority is weighty. Exactitude, knowledge, humor and cleverness — these are qualities which he never fails to display, but too often at a time, and in a manner which causes his audience to ignore them, and really robs them of their effect.

Of the front Opposition bench the first occupant who claims attention is Lord Shaftesbury, a speaker — and so far as possible we now confine our remarks to oratorical qualities — whose sentences, indeed, are always well constructed; but whose argument is sometimes so loose and inconsequent as scarcely to deserve the name of argument at all, and whose enunciation is frequently so careless that he can only be heard by those who are sitting immediately next to him. At times, however, Lord Shaftesbury shows himself an orator full of fire, eloquence, and conviction. Next to Lord Shaftesbury is generally found Lord Coleridge, whose rhetoric, "honeyed with the oil of persuasion," what need to describe? Beyond sit Lord Cardwell, with pensive air and folded arms, seldom a speaker, always a close and critical listener; Lord Granville, the Opposition leader, radiant and polished to behold, with an air of genial languor about him affected rather than real, and a strength of satire which may well astonish those who are accustomed to regard him rather as a professor of deportment than a statesman; eminently uncertain as a speaker, sometimes giving the House nothing but weak doses of political platitudes; at others earnest, dignified, abounding in sagacity and wisdom. His near neighbor on the same bench, Lord Kimberley, is a statesman who is in his true element in Parliament — a keen politician, a fluent, perhaps too fluent, speaker, and abounding in cleverness and knowledge. The Duke of Argyll will probably be a better orator and a more influential personage ten years hence than he is now. His rhetoric has required and is now gradually gaining a certain mellowness, which is an immense improvement. Earl Grey, who sits near the Duke of Ar-

gyll, his head inclined slightly forward so as not to lose a word which is said — and whatever the subject of discussion his attention is invariably the same and never flags — frequently regards it as a duty to play the part of *advocatus diaboli* to any measure which may be before the House. But aggressive though his criticism may be, it is always to the point, and he inherits many of the attributes which were conspicuous in his father, the premier of that administration which passed the first Reform Bill. His voice is still clear and strong. His common sense immediately supplies the solvent before which mere plausibility disappears — a common sense that comes not only of experience but of vigor, and is full of a force which is tempered and not diminished by age. On the bench immediately behind that on which the Opposition leaders are seated, the most conspicuous personage is the Duke of Somerset, perhaps on the whole the most pungent, witty, and incisive speaker of whom the House of Lords can boast. His style, indeed, is rather that which we might expect, but which at present we should look for in vain, in the House of Commons. No one is more quick to detect imposition, or to strip it of its veneer of fine phrases and promises than this free-thinking, hard-hitting peer. Unfortunately his Parliamentary utterances cannot be heard from the strangers' gallery, and the reporters follow him with difficulty. Still they do follow him; and his speeches will bear the test of careful study even in their summarized form. The representative character of the House of Lords has been already dwelt upon in the course of this article. There is certainly no member of the House of Commons who so thoroughly represents the educated, popular, destructive, critical spirit of the age as his Grace of Somerset. Lord Campbell and Stratheden is the last peer on the Liberal side on whom it is necessary to say a few words. If Lord Campbell did himself justice he would long ago have made a far greater mark in Parliamentary life than he seems likely to do. On foreign politics, and especially on the politics of south-eastern Europe he is more thoroughly and accurately informed than almost any of the Opposition peers, unless it be Lord Napier. Lord Campbell is, moreover, master of a literary style, whose only defect is occasional obscurity, generated by a straining after epigrammatic point, and an overwrought refinement of expression. But Lord Campbell, notwithstanding the copiousness and exactness of

his knowledge, his unrivalled mastery of bluebooks and his memory for the text of treaties and protocols, is an ineffective speaker. He is listened to in spite of himself, because what he says is known to be worth hearing. Happily Lord Campbell is in the habit of printing his more important speeches, and the world is thus supplied with what are really valuable manuals of political teaching.

With debating power the Conservative benches in the House of Lords are, as has been said, much more plentifully furnished than the Whig or Liberal side. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who will now resign his leadership only to the newly-elevated prime minister, has always done his work discreetly. He has, in fact, done all that was wanted of him. He has never failed to make a ministerial statement, however complicated the subject, in a clear and business-like manner. He has been uniformly courteous to his opponents, and is thoroughly trusted by his colleagues. Political influence, beyond what must attach to the possessor of a couple of dukedoms, he has had, and aspires to have, none. The great defect in Lord Derby, as a speaker, is the prominence of Lancashire in his accent. It is here alone that he reminds one of his father, in whom the same peculiarity was apparent, especially in moments of political passion and excitement. He never hesitates, has no varied inflections of tone, and consequently never soars to the height of the orator. He appeals to the reason and judgment of his hearers, whether in Parliament or out of it. Lord Carnarvon's voice is weak, as his figure is slight, but he employs it to the utmost advantage, and without any semblance of painful effort. Not a word that he says is ever lost; and in the spirit and vigor with which his sentences are delivered, as well as the admirable form into which they are thrown, one forgets the physical disadvantages of the colonial secretary. A true statesman Lord Carnarvon has shown himself: had nature been more lavish in her vocal gifts, he would have been a great orator. As it is, he has a perfect idea of what oratory should be, and does his best to reproduce its effects. Between the speaking of Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury there are certain points of resemblance. In both there is the same tinge of academic culture; the same use of telling and incisive phrases; the same studied avoidance of the conventional and the commonplace. Lord Salisbury's voice is extremely powerful, and the merest stranger would not

have heard twenty words from him before he perceived that they were the utterance of a correspondingly powerful mind. The Indian secretary possesses in a greater degree than any of his colleagues, or, indeed, than any of his opponents, except Lord Selborne, the power of replying to a whole series of speeches on their general merits, leaving not a point in any one of them unnoticed, and on doing this without having previously taken a single note, or jotted down a single fact as an *aide mémoire*. He is, in brief, a master of Parliamentary debate, as he is a master also of sarcasm and irony. These qualities he displays less frequently than formerly, but he has not lost the use of them. Possibly they are reserved for the period when he may again be in opposition. At present he cultivates something approaching even to geniality, though the addiction to stinging phrases and crushing retorts is manifestly suppressed with difficulty. It is generally said that Lord Salisbury sighs for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. It is, however, difficult to see how his lordship's ambition could be more completely gratified than it now is in the House of Lords. A greater political power he could not be. He is supreme in his own official department, and he is a Parliamentary force as well. A political party, he is under no circumstances likely to attach to himself; and it would only be on the assumption he was desirous of so doing that a seat in the House of Commons would be a distinct advantage. Lord Salisbury has therefore probably discovered by this time that a high place in the peerage, and the supremacy of the Indian Office, more than compensate for the deprivation of the chance of "wielding at will that fierce democracy."

The episcopal bench is, on the whole, very ably filled. As an orator and debater, the Bishop of Peterborough need fear no rival among the temporal peers. Dr. Magee may lack the *bonhomie*, the consummate knowledge of the world and of human nature, the light and ready humor, the adroit and mellow wit of Dr. Wilberforce. But he never speaks without making a number of distinct points, or without bringing entertainment as well as conviction. The primate is lucid, impressive, dignified, eloquent: epithets each of which may be applied to the Archbishop of York, whose mien and utterance remind one more and more of the "magnificent man" as portrayed in the fourth book of Aristotle's "Ethics." In the case of Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of

Lincoln, there is much of rhetorical power and earnestness to admire, immense learning, and at the same time an incredible amount of political unwisdom. Dr. Wordsworth, perhaps, never yet made a speech in the House of Lords which had not the twofold effect of commanding the respect of his audience for its sincerity and erudition, and of alienating their feelings from the cause which it was his purpose to espouse. The Bishop of Manchester is not a good Parliamentary speaker, being too didactic and hortatory. The Bishops of London and Winchester are, after Dr. Magee and the two archbishops, quite the best; but the Bishop of Peterborough is, in his own line, without a rival among their lordships.

Here our brief enumeration of some of the more prominent members of their lordship's House must end. Other names, not less worthy of mention, will readily occur. Enough has been said to show the essentially representative character of our upper chamber as it is now composed, its importance in the work of national legislation generally, and the special service it is likely to render in the debates that may be expected to occur this year. It has also been seen that while, in respect of mature and finished statesmanship, the House of Lords is certainly at no disadvantage when compared with the House of Commons, neither is it so as regards political promise among its members. The influence of an example such as that of Lord Rosebery may be of the highest utility. That the House of Lords is gaining rather than losing power in what is certainly a democratic age would be a legitimate conclusion from the isolated history of the Judicature Act. The traditions and the habits of aristocratic dependence have passed away; but an aristocratic hereditary legislature, which does its work well, stands upon unassailable ground. The functions of the House of Lords are, it may be said, critical rather than constructive. This, while it gives their lordships less opportunity of national display, increases their capacities for national usefulness. In all probability for many years to come the House of Commons' legislation will lack just those qualities of finish and fulness which the revision of the House of Lords will ensure. It is also to the House of Lords, rather than to the House of Commons, that we must look to preserve the standard of English statesmanship, and English Parliamentary speaking. Incompetent speakers there doubtless are among the peers,

but they seldom break silence. As for the regular speakers, their utterances are never without two merits—lucidity and compression. As a corrective to the diffuseness and obscurity which are the bane of the House of Commons' rhetoricians, the speeches in the House of Lords would alone be of extreme value. To this must be added the fact, that they have the very positive recommendation of superior knowledge. Sydney Smith's comparison of the lords to Mrs. Partington, in her efforts to mop up the Atlantic, has long since lost its point. The House of Lords has ceased to be a mere obstructive in work of national legislation. It is rather now a depository of the best traditions of English statesmanship, and a model of the best sort of modern Parliamentary debate.

From The Fortnightly Review.
TITIAN.*

"As heaven is the paradise of the soul, so God has transfused into Titian's colors the paradise of our bodies," says Tullia to Tasso, in Sperone's "Dialogue of Love." It would be difficult to state in fewer words the secret, or at least great part of the secret, of the charm of Titian. In his hundred years of life he did indeed fashion the terrestrial paradise of the century. Into the happy immortality of his paintings, as into the hell described by Aucasin in the old French story, passed "the good clerks, the fair knights slain in battle and fierce wars, the brave men-at-arms, and the lords of high degree. Also the fair courteous dames, and the gold and the silver, the furred raiment, and the rich gowns of Vair, the harp-players, the minstrels, and the kings of this world," everything, in brief, that was great and splendid. For the fair knights of fierce wars there were D'Alviano and Cornaro, the victors at the battle of Cadore, and John Frederick, elector of Saxony, a captive from the fight at Mühlberg, with the scar of the sabre-cut on his face. For fair courteous dames, there was Lucrezia Borgia, when the wife of Alfonso of Ferrara, and, in curious contrast, the innocence of the beautiful and learned Irene of Spilemberg, Titian's pupil, who died before she was twenty. Among clerks of the worldly sort, there was Cæsar Borgia, painted at

* *Titian: his Life and Times.* By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London: Murray, 1877. 42s. Gilbert's *Cadore, or Titian's Country*, 1869.

the time when he came, the son of a pope, acting as legate *a latere* to his father, to offer plenary indulgence to the Venetians to join a crusade against the Moslems. The "king of this world" was the emperor Charles V., withdrawn in his sullen mood to the window, where he would sit and listen in perfect silence to courtiers and suitors. Another form of power was represented by the portrait of Paul III., to which the passers-by doffed their hats, taking it for the pope himself in person. The minstrel in Titian's paradise was Ariosto, and for buffoon there was that infamous one who might be cudgelled but was never crushed, the supremely shameless Aretino. The studio of Titian was the point through which all these types of the life of the Renaissance, these and hundreds of others, kings, cardinals, soldiers, doges, poets, matrons, dead queens and living harlots, passed, leaving there the shadows of themselves which have proved more real and permanent than the life. To have seen all these and to have given them a new existence, while remaining all the time absolutely himself, with his great interests of money-getting, of love of the mountains and the sea, of attachment to children and to friends unimpaired, makes the attraction of the story of Titian.

Titian's life does not afford the same kind of amusement, does not fascinate us in the same way, as do the lives of most of the Italian painters. In him there is not the varied charm of Leonardo, or the romance of Raffaele, or the pathos of Andrea's unhappy experience, or the piety of Angelico, or the changeful moods of Botticelli, or the disdainful solitude and superhuman force of Michael Angelo. Titian, it may be said, has no legend; in his childhood are none of the graceful miracles, which crept out of the lives of saints into the lives of poets and artists. The current anecdotes about him take him up when he was old, as he appears in most, if not all, of his portraits, — old, successful, and patronized by emperors and kings. Perhaps he lived so late, and his age was so near the time of the historians of painting, that romance could not gather about the legend of his infancy. He was born after the story-making period in the history of art, and he was born in a country of hard-headed people, who had work enough to do to keep their freedom and make their daily bread in the stunted valley of Cadore, where Titian first saw the light in 1477. In following his life in the new and admirably thorough and painstaking book of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, it is easy

to see how much his native country contributed to the character of Titian.

He was born at Cadore, some eighty-six miles from Venice, in a cottage where a fountain leaps into a stone basin, and a green hill rises abruptly and shelters the roof. From an open space called the Arsenale, in front, a narrow passage leads up the cliff to the castle, which we see in flames in Fonda's print from Titian's lost picture of the great land battle with the soldiers of Maximilian. The cottage is on a lower level than the rest of the town; with its ugly church and tower, decorated with a huge, coarse portrait of the painter. "Behind it rise the cerulean-tinted peaks of Monte Cornon. On the right the huge bulk of Monte Cridola is dark against the clear east; to the left are steep grassy slopes, hiding as yet the loftier Antelao, and Marmarolo."* The steep grassy slopes, the dawn-colored peaks of the dolomites, the stream of the Piave flowing to Venice and the sea, all entered into the education of Titian. The Marmarolo is said to be the mountain in the background of the "Presentation of the Virgin;" the Antelao might be seen from the garden of the house of his home in Venice; the hills between Cadore and Belluno appear in the "Madonna and St. Catherine," of the National Gallery; the high-pitched roofs and irregular buildings of the farmhouses are painted in the "Magdalene" of the same collection. It was his childhood, passed among these strange shapes of peaks, and more homely hills, and knolls, and forests, often revisited in later summers, that made Titian almost the earliest painter to recognize and take pleasure in the sentiment of landscape. But nothing could teach him to tolerate "the horrid whiteness" which Shelley loved; in snow, whether on distant peaks, or trodden into mire and blood beneath the feet of the combatants at the battle of Cadore, he took no delight. If we consider how much, and to what disagreeable effect, snow has been copied in the works of living painters of mountain scenery and in the military pieces of French artists, we have a measure of the advance in the liking for nature in her most repellent aspect which has been made since the time of Titian. It was not only the character of the mountains, but the character of the mountaineers of Cadore, that became part of the personality of the great artist. The district had always been poor and free, eager for more wealth and for as much liberty as possible.

* Cadore, p. 96.

Lying between the lands of the emperor, the duke of Milan, and the republic of Venice, the inhabitants had to make a choice of allegiance. After deliberating in council, the assembly prayed devoutly in the Chapel of the Holy Spirit at Valle, and "then as with one voice, the cry arose, Let us go to the good Venetians." This was in 1420, and when Titian was born, some sixty years later, the people of Cadore had seen no reason to repent their choice. Their castle was no feudal robber's lair, but their own possession, presided over by a captain from Venice. The adventurous townspeople were on good terms with the great republic, and sent their sons to make fortunes in its ships and its streets. Love of money and love of liberty went together in Cadore. Even before 1420, one of Titian's ancestors set an example which the artist often followed, by "obtaining from the patriarch exclusive rights in cutting wood, and the fief of two mountains wherein to excavate for silver and other metals." Descended from an old *podestà* of Pieve, the family was always important in the district, and when Titian passed from Cadore to Venice, in 1488, he left behind, among other kinsmen, two who did the State yeoman's service during the invasion by the Imperialists.

Of Titian's childish attempts as an artist, very little is told, even by way of fable. He is said to have painted a Madonna upon a wall, in colors expressed from the juice of flowers; and Mr. Gilbert is more ready than Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle to believe that, when about eleven years of age, he made a design in fresco, still extant on the wall of the Casa Sampieri, the home of his grandfather. It is not certain whether or not he was the pupil of Antonio Rosso, an artist of the decrepit Friulan school, but at all events he went to Venice when he was about eleven years old, and there studied under Sebastian Zuccato, an irritable old painter, pleasantly known to readers of George Sand's "*Maitres Mosaïstes*." Venice had just entered on the second half of the first of the two centuries of her short-lived school of painting, two ages in which the life of Titian occupied a century. In the year 1400, when it was necessary to restore the frescoes of the Hall of the Great Council, Venice had found herself without artists of her own. Under Gentile da Fabriano and Vittore Pisano, painters invited to come over and help her, the school of Murano arose, and the birth of Venetian painting coincided with what Mr. Ruskin considers the beginning of

the end of the glory of the city in 1418. Jacopo Bellini carried to the north the knowledge of the antique, and somewhat of the skill in design of Donatello and Mantegna, and before the boy Titian left Cadore, Giovanni Bellini was well able to paint the Oriental richness of Venetian costume, architecture, and landscape, at least in conditions of fair weather and repose. The Flemish practice "of mixing varnish mediums with pigments" had been mastered, and young artists from the hill country were bringing their knowledge and love of a region seldom seen except under broken lights and the shadow of storms. Titian, it is probable, did not remain long under Zuccato, though he always was on good terms with his sons, the Mosaïstes, and was able, many years afterwards, to do them a service. He probably became the pupil of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, and he certainly was much influenced by the style of Palma and of Giorgione, though, if we accept the dates usually given, he was older than one and of the same age as the other. Probably his chief business was to paint house-fronts, as of the Morosini palace, where there was a fresco of Hercules, said to be one of his very earliest works. To paint a Hercules implies some knowledge of classical art, which Titian might have gained in the house of Gentile Bellini, whose collection contained a bust of Plato and a statue of Venus by Praxiteles. Where history and tradition say nothing of his work or his adventures, his progress can only be traced obscurely, by comparing the various pictures in which, "timid and cold at first, he soon warms to the task before him." Already his Madonnas display forms which he retained a quarter of a century later, and already he had painted a landscape from the border land between Venice and Cadore. A miraculous Christ from his hand was most profitable to the church of San Rocco, as indeed the same sort of picture was found last year to pay when exhibited in Pall Mall. The two maidens at a fountain, called "Artless and Sated Love" by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, but generally styled "Profane and Sacred Love," is a perfectly delightful work of the early period. A girl gorgeously dressed, and beautiful in the style of Palma's ladies, —

Sits with Love upon a woodside well,

or at least with an almost naked female figure, who holds in her right hand a little censer burning away with a magical effect into the blue and breathless air. A

plucked rose and a lute lie beside the draped beauty, a little Cupid dips a wreath in the well water which flows into the grass from a pipe in the antique marble of the fountain; behind are rustic buildings and a tower, and plains sloping to the distant sea. The picture seems to represent the art of Palma and Giorgione blended in that of Titian, and the scene has a fresh loveliness and simplicity more delightful to some tastes than the richness of the "Bacchus and Ariadne," or the grandeur of the "Peter Martyr."

Some little time, it may be guessed, for all is guess-work here, after the painting of the maidens at the fountain, a disaster befell the German traders in Venice. The Fondaco di Tedeschi, in which alone they were allowed to live and buy and sell, was burned down in 1505. By 1507 Giorgione and Titian were probably busy at the frescoes which were to cover the outsides of the walls, and two years afterwards the new Fondaco was finished, and the honest Germans, in their gratitude invited all the grantees of Venice to an entertainment in which blindfolded men chased a greased pig, than which they could conceive of no sport more appropriate and exhilarating. The frescoes, with which the Tedeschi were charmed, have given rise to some controversy. The sea winds have destroyed them long ago, and Vasari had a low opinion of the decorations as a whole. "I, for one, was never able to fathom Giorgione's meaning, nor found any one that had fathomed it," he writes peevishly, leading one to suppose that the frescoes were in the rather obscure style of Teutonic allegory. Vasari could not understand why Judith should sit with Holofernes' head at her feet, "and wield a drawn sword, while she talks to a German below." He adds a story to the effect that some acquaintances of Giorgione mistook the *façade* at which Titian worked for his, "and began, as friends, to rejoice with him, declaring that he was acquitting himself better on the side of the Merceria than he had done on that of the Grand Canal," which remark naturally vexed Giorgione, and put an end to his friendship with Titian. It is more pleasant to accept the statement of another biographer, that Giorgione admitted the superiority of his friend, and was glad to have been able to share with him the work of painting the Fondaco; while it is just possible to believe that the Christ of "The Tribute Money" is a portrait by Titian of Giorgione.

Evil times for artists and for Venice were now being prepared by the ambition of Maximilian. Just at the moment when the Fondaco was opened to German trade, German arms were forcing a way into Italy through the passes guarded by Cadore. In spite of the reproaches of Tiziano Vecelli and of the townspeople, the Venetian captain of Cadore gave up his fort to the Imperialist troops. The people submitted; but the kinsfolk of Titian kept up a correspondence with the republican government, and guided the Venetian forces under Dalviano in a sudden and well-concerted attack on the German position. The army of Maximilian was totally routed, the general, Strauss, was killed in single combat by the Tuscan Ranieri, the fugitives were pursued and slain by the Stradiote lancers, and the emperor was glad to make truce for the time with Venice. The battle chiefly interests us by reason of its connection with the career of Titian. Unlike his brother Francesco, he felt no call to join the armies of Venice. But some five years later, in 1513, when Bembo was anxious that he should go to Rome to paint for Leo X., and when Navagero would have had him to await the reversion of Bellini's position as painter-in-chief at Venice, Titian asked the Signori for leave to illustrate the battle of Cadore in the Hall of Council.

I, Titian of Cadore, having studied painting from childhood upwards, and desirous of fame rather than profit, wish to serve the doge and Signori rather than his Highness the pope and other signori, who in past days, and even now, have urgently asked to employ me. I am, therefore, anxious, if it should appear feasible, to paint in the Hall of Council, beginning, if it please their sublimity, *with the canvas of the battle on the side towards the Piazza*, which is so difficult that no one as yet has had courage to attempt it.

The "no one" is an allusion to Giovanni Bellini, who was still chief artist of the republic, but whose failing strength was unequal to a task of such magnitude. The pay that Titian asked was the first vacant broker's patent for life in the German Fondaco—a sinecure then held by Giovanni Bellini. This proposal was accepted, much to the chagrin of Bellini, who had influence enough to annoy Titian in various ways, but not to oust him from the *atelier* at San Samuele, where he got leave to establish himself, and where he made his finished sketch for the battle-piece. Before the close of 1516 Titian entered into the enjoyment of his "broker's patent," which was worth a hundred

ducats a year, and involved the duty of painting the portrait of the doge. But now that he had reached the height of his ambition, he found that profitable dealings with "other signori" prevented him from finishing the battle-piece. In 1518, 1522, and 1537, twenty-four years after his first offer, he was rebuked for his negligence. By the last date Pordenone had appeared as a rival, and so bitter was the hostility, that their friends regretted perhaps the grants of nobility which had recently allowed both painters to wear swords, and settle their disputes like gentlemen of honor. Titian sought satisfaction in a more sensible way, and actually finished his battle-piece, the finest painting in the hall. Now of this work nothing remains but descriptions; a solitary engraving by Fontana and a sketch, both in the possession of Mr. Gilbert; and, lastly, a copy at Florence. The first description, that of Vasari, calls the picture "The Rout of Ghiaradadda: a crowd of soldiers who fought under a terrible rain from heaven." Sansovino the younger, who was sixteen years of age when the work was finished, styles it "The Battle of Spoleto in Umbria," and mentions the figure of "a young girl creeping out of a hollow," and the same figure is praised by Dolce and Ridolfi, the latter naming the piece "The Battle of Cadore." Mr. Gilbert has no difficulty in showing that the landscape surrounding the fight is that of Cadore, and that the imperial eagle flaps on the flags of the beaten party in the engraving. In the drawing, believed by Mr. Gilbert to be a sketch by Titian himself, the flags are blank; and in the engraving it is not, as he says, the lion of St. Mark, but the three lions of the Cornari, that wave over the spears of Venice. Again, if we look at Burgmair's illustrations of Maximilian's own account of the battle of Cadore (in the book called "*Der Weiss Kunig*"), we find the real winged lion of St. Mark on the Venetian banner, and see the Stradiote spearmen, in their tall hats, pursuing the Germans through the defiles. Thus we are naturally led to the conclusion of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, that Titian did indeed paint the fight at Cadore—the scenery proves as much, and the historical incident of the death of the fair German girl, shown in the engraving—but that he painted the victory under a thin disguise. He did not introduce the unmistakable Stradiotes; he put the cognizance of the Cornari, not of Venice, on the banners, and he dressed the Imperial forces in Roman armor. Thus he artfully

enough pleased the Signori, did not annoy his imperial patron, Charles V., and flattered the powerful Cornari, while he left poor Dalviano, the real victorious general, in obscurity.

To finish the story of the battle, it has been necessary to desert the even tenor of Titian's life. He felt, like other artists, the stress of hard times while the league of Cambrai lay heavily on Venice, and leaving his favorite town, his study of Giorgione, and his rivalry with Dürer in minuteness, he visited Padua, and worked in fresco for what pay he could get. His accounts he kept with less method than one might expect, on the backs of loose drawings on grey paper, and behind a sketch for the "*Omnia Vanitas*" is the record, "Signor Marlo Zatto owes me one hundred and thirty lire." Titian had little love of fresco, little practice in the art, and not a much higher regard for Paduan taste than for that of the mountaineers in whose village churches he now and then designed a Madonna. He must have been glad to return to his canvases and panels in Venice, where he soon began to attract the notice, and as Dr. Johnson would have put it, to "enjoy the caresses of the great." There was a temporary truce with Maximilian, at the moment of the painter's return, in 1512; business was no longer so very bad, and the Aldine club patronized the artist in a rather haughty way. Venice was full of such scholars as Bembo, Erasmus, Linacre, and Navagero, who were too polished to talk in any other language than Greek. This must have made their conversation anything but an intellectual pleasure to Titian, who was more fortunate in the patronage of Alfonso of Ferrara. This prince was very busily engaged in decorating the castle which contained on one side the "alabaster chambers," and on the other, the dungeons in which he shut up his inconvenient brothers. In 1516 the painter paid his first visit to Ferrara, and was lodged with two assistants in the palace, receiving rations of salad, salt meat, oil, chestnuts, oranges, tallow candles, cheese, and five measures of wine. The fare is lenten, and a potentate so luxurious might have furnished the artist with candles of a more costly material than tallow. Titian wrote, on February 19, 1517, that "he had given himself body and soul to your Excellency," and, indeed, shows that subservience in style and fall-down-deadness of demeanor which often mark a republican in presence of a man of rank and title. Raffaele and Michael Angelo did not write thus, but

it must be noted that, though Titian gave fair words, he often infuriated Alfonso by working precisely at the pace which suited himself. He was ready to kiss the feet and hands of kings, but he did not hurry himself to please them, and no one was ever more pertinacious in demanding his pay.

It is a curious trait in his character that he considered Alfonso's instructions about some design "so pretty and ingenious as to require no improvement of any kind; and the more I thought over it, the more I became convinced that the greatness of art among the ancients was due to the assistance they received from great princes content to leave to the painters the credit and renown derived from their own ingenuity in bespeaking pictures." He was always ready to paint just what was wanted, a story of "Christ in the Garden," or a fable of "Jupiter and Europa," a "Grieving Madonna," or a "Day of Judgment," for Charles V. in later years, or a "Danaë" or "Adonis" for Philip II., a man of pleasure. He will take his winged Cupids from their pastimes of throwing apples and shooting arrows in Alfonso's "Worship of Venus," to make them angels who welcome the Virgin, in the "Assumption," or who beckon to the soul of the wounded Peter Martyr. Dionysus and St. Jerome come alike to him, for in every subject he finds or gives what he really cares for, the glory of life, the pride of the eye, rich colors, fair raiment, skies and far-off mountains, woods, and the wealth of flowers. So, though one thinks for a moment of the "forth-right craftsman's hand," the word "low-pulsed" cannot be added, as in the case of Mr. Browning's Andrea del Sarto. The world and the fulness thereof is Titian's kingdom, and he enters into it as well by one gate as by another; for devotion or dissipation, saintliness, and sensualism are all transfigured in his work for his own calm pleasure, and for that of all generations that come after him. The poetry of his nature — as our two authors observe, in treating of his relations with Ariosto at the court of Ferrara — "the poetry of his nature is proved by every line of his landscapes, by every detail in an allegory like that of "Sated Love." But he kept his poetry in its proper place, like Shakespeare, and, in his dealings with men, always proved himself to be an adroit and vigilant man of business, and a friend not too fastidious, and with no nonsense about him. At this very period, when he was illustrating for Alfonso the line, —

Chi boit et ne reboit ne çais qui boir soit,

by a painting of Ariadne most unpoetically overcome by the boon of Dionysus, he had just accomplished those two of his works which are most charged with sentiment, the "Madonna and St. Catherine," and the "*Noli me Tangere*." In the rendering of a woman's passion for children, and a woman's tender awe at the sight of the beloved dead, risen and restored beyond all hope, no master has equalled the attitude of St. Catherine as she fondles the infant, and the action of the Magdalene trailing herself like a wounded thing to the feet of the Christ. The "Assumption," also a work of this date, is more famous, and more clever perhaps, but not equal to these treasures of ours in emotional power. One needs to remember the delicate and sacred thoughts in which Titian must have lived, while painting the "Magdalene," to feel the force of contrast in his conduct when he is ready to sell to Alfonso a work already bought at a lower price by another customer. But the prince repented of the shabby transaction, — "We have thought over the matter of the 'St. Sebastian,' and resolved that we shall not do this injury to the reverend the legate." Titian had to produce some other work for Alfonso, and in 1523 visited Ferrara with the then half-finished "Bacchus and Ariadne," in illustration of Catullus, which is now in the National Gallery. At Ferrara he found "the iris, the wild rose, and columbine, which so exquisitely adorn the very edge of the ground on which the satyrs tread," flowers that Titian might possibly have studied in the garden of his later home in the suburb called Biri, but certainly not near his *atelier* in San Samuele. In this same year he found a new patron in Gonzaga, marquis of Mantua, and painted for him that admirable "Entombment," now in the Louvre, in which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle recognize a lingering trace of the influence of Palma, "in moulding of face and limbs, in shallow depressions of stuff in drapery, and in contrasts that bring before us varieties of weather-beaten flesh in males, and pearly skin in women." At this time, too, he worked in the palace of the doges, and, with his keen eye for a job, secured the appointment of his father, who must have been at least seventy, to a place as inspector of mines.

Here, before entering on a new period in his story, it may be well to quote Palma Giovine's description of Titian's *technique*: —

Titian [he says] prepared his pictures with a solid stratum of pigment, which served as a bed or fundament upon which to return frequently. Some of these preparations were made with resolute strokes of a brush heavily laden with color, the half tints struck in with pure red earth, the lights with white, modelled into relief by touches of the same brush, dipped into red, black, and yellow. In this way he would give the promise of a figure in four strokes. After laying this foundation he would turn the picture to the wall, and leave it there perhaps for months, turning it round again after a time to look at it carefully, and scan the parts as he would the face of his greatest enemy. If at this time any portion of it should appear to him to have been defective, he would set to work to correct it, applying remedies as a surgeon might apply them, cutting off excrescences here, superabundant flesh there, redressing an arm, adjusting or setting a limb, regardless of the pain which it might cause. In this way he would reduce the whole to a certain symmetry, put it aside, and return again a third or more times, till the first quintessence had been covered over with its padding of flesh. It was contrary to his habit to finish at one painting, and he used to say that a poet who improvises cannot hope to form pure verse. But of "condiments," in the shape of last touches, he was particularly fond. Now and then he would model the light into half tint with a rub of his finger; or with a touch of his thumb he would dab a spot of dark pigment into some corner to strengthen it, or throw in a reddish stroke—a tear of blood, so to speak—to break the parts superficially. In fact, when finishing, he painted much more with his fingers than with his brush.

Two influences, and one of them at least most friendly and favorable to all sorts of canny or mean transactions, now enter into the life of Titian—his marriage and his friendship with Aretino, a scamp who sullied the very name of his native town, being one of those pests of literature, whom we have always with us. The bastard son of no one knows who, he saw the light in a hospital at Arezzo, and received just enough education to qualify him for the trade practised by persons who reveal or conceal private scandals for rewards in power or pay. Aretino's good looks and his impudence made him friends at Rome, where he went with Chigi, the banker, and whence, after a prosperous career under Leo X., he was expelled by the sensitive virtue of Clement VII. In 1524 he became the bosom friend of Giovanni de' Medici, and in his service learned more of the secrets which were his stock in trade. After Giovanni's death he went to Venice, with letters to Gritti, the doge friendly to Titian, and

his acquaintance soon became, as Vasari says, "useful and honorable" to the painter. Titian painted this honorable person, and sent the portrait to the marquis Gonzaga at Mantua, "knowing that Gonzaga was fond of so faithful a servant, because of his many virtues." Aretino puffed the artist in the sonnets which represented the appreciative criticism of the time, he introduced him to princes, got sketches and praise in return, and managed a very illustrious clique of men of taste and pleasure. While he was entering on this friendship, a perilous one, for Aretino had means of forming a shrewd guess as to when any noble of high rank was to be stabbed or poisoned, Titian also found time to marry a wife, of whom scarcely anything is known. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle with great probability attribute the sentiment in that beautiful domestic picture of the "Madonna del Coniglio" to the spectacle of "these charming but minute passages which seldom meet any but a father's eye." The *bambino* of the picture must have been Pomponio, whom the painter spoiled, by securing for him an indolent life in the fruits of benefices, which were more often promised than given, but which were always being expected. The reckless laziness and profligacy of Pomponio in later life, made even Aretino preach sermons which he did not enforce by example. Indeed, it is well to notice how the infamous one was improved, as it seems, by the friendship of Titian. Mr. Gilbert has noticed that his letters to the painter contain none of the foul jests which were part of his stock in business. In more subtle ways he no doubt encouraged the painter to be indifferent to modesty in his courtship of the great. Thus there is a notable contrast between Titian and the great artist, Michael Angelo, who now crossed his path. Buonarrotti was in Venice in 1529, and the influence of his example may be seen in the shadows that remain of the great picture of "Peter Martyr," painted by Titian after a competition with Pordenone. "He took from Buonarrotti a startling display of momentary action and muscular strength," qualities which may be recognized even by a tiro in the sketch in the British Museum, photographed in Mr. Comyns Carr's beautiful new volume. But Titian's life at this time was far other than that of the Florentine. Charles V., when at the Conference of Bologna in 1530, had with him a secretary named Covos, whom all the princelings of northern Italy sought to

please. Now Count Pepoli's wife had a pretty waiting-maid, Cornelia, to whom Covos in his hours of ease did much incline. Observing this soft passion, the marquis of Mantua sent Titian to paint the girl, who happened unluckily not to be looking very lovely at the moment. In work like this, and in designing naked women, the Venetian was busy, while Michael Angelo was defending Florence in the death struggle of her freedom. At this time Titian had a domestic misfortune, his wife died in the feverish heats of the summer, and he, pining in the sultry air, and vexed, no doubt, with his old home, moved his family and his goods to the house in the northern suburb, with the famous garden and the view of Antelao.

The next great event after the change of house was Titian's acquaintance with Charles V. Frederico Gonzaga tried to bring the artist and the emperor together in November, 1532, inviting the painter to Mantua, and asking him, withal, to bring some fresh fish with him. But Titian declined, and preferred to use Aretino's introduction, and follow the court to Bologna. The emperor was immortalized in 1532-1533, in company, as the Whitehall inventory says, "with a big white Irish dog." In 1533 the gratified kaiser sent the master a letter-patent from Barcelona, comparing him to Apelles; and to no other artist did Charles intend to sit, for the term of his natural life. He also created Titian "a count of the Lateran palace, of the Aulic Council, and of the Consistory, with the title of Count Palatine, and all the advantages attached to those dignities. He acquired the faculty of appointing notaries and ordinary judges, and the power to legitimize the illegitimate offspring of persons beneath the rank of prince, count, or baron." In addition to these almost miraculous powers, Titian was made a Knight of the Golden Spur, might wear a sword — useful in case of an encounter with Pordenone — and was paid a thousand golden scudi, which he invested in land. Now Titian was somebody, when he went to Cadore with his sword and medals, and he could do a service to a cousin, who had a taste for the life of a notary or ordinary judge; and he could even afford to lend money to his native township, or to get a captain of the castle dismissed for contriving monopolies in the simple fashion recommended by Aristotle. Titian was now, and for the rest of his days remained, a confirmed court painter, a man of business and of cheerful life, without ceasing to be a man of genius.

But his genius was well in hand, and was allowed no vagaries. Life was full of seriousness to him, because he could not keep up with his orders, and turn out as many pictures as were demanded, even with the aid of the easy style which is not acquired with ease. "Aretino boasted in a letter to Paul Manutius that Titian could throw off a likeness as quickly as another could scratch the ornament on a chest." But then there were so many likenesses which must be thrown off. Alfonso d'Este had died in the early autumn of 1534, and so had Clement VII.; but Paul III., of the house of Farnese, succeeded to the pontificate, and Paul soon required Titian's presence at Rome. Aretino had tried to bring this visit to pass, but Aretino was in an unlucky vein, and suffered a good deal from the ungrateful Franco of Benevento. Franco wrote one of the sonnets, so strangely admired at the time, in which he praised Titian for having concentrated in the portrait of Aretino all the shame of the age: —

Nello spacio d'un piccolo quadretto
Tutta l'infamia della nostra etate.

But life was endurable, in spite of Franco, who, after all, was answered in full measure, pressed down and running over, by the indomitable Aretino. It would be pleasant to quote Priscianese's description of a supper with the artist and the satirist and the sculptor Sansovino in Titian's garden, where the large tree, painted in the "Peter Martyr," whispered above the guests, and the sea in the sunset was musical with songs from the many gondolas, and the voices of singing women. But Mr. Gilbert has already reproduced this passage, and, in justice to Aretino, it is proper to give that serpent's sketch of a sunset in Venice. He is writing to Titian, then perhaps in Cadore, and his letter is thus freely paraphrased by our two authors: —

Having dined, contrary to my habit, alone, or rather in company of the quartan fever, which robs me of all taste for the good things of the table, I looked out of my window, and watched the countless passing boats, and amongst them the gondolas manned by famous oarsmen, racing with each other on the Grand Canal. I saw the crowd that thronged the bridge of Rialto and the Rivo to witness the race, and as it slowly dispersed I glanced at a sky which since the days of the creation was never more splendidly graced with light and shadows. The air was such as an artist would like to depict, who grieved that he was not Titian. . . . The clouds above the roof merged into a distance of smoky grey, the nearest

blazing like sun, more distant ones glowing as molten lead, dissolving at last into horizontal streaks, now greenish blue, now bluish green, cutting the palaces as they cut them in the landscapes of Vecelli. And as I watched the scene I exclaimed more than once, "O Titian, where art thou, and why not here to realize this scene?"

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good.

Aretino had tried, as we have seen, to get an invitation to Rome for Titian, but for the time without success. Other good fortune came in his way: in 1541 Charles V. gave him a pension on the treasury at Milan, and this pension was most valuable to the painter, supplying him for the rest of his life with occupation in his leisure hours. The Milanese authorities never paid, or when they did pay it was in tickets for rice, which Titian did not want. Most of his letters to the emperor and to Philip II. deal with this unlucky pension, and it is curious to note how Philip at first made marks in the margin of the epistles, but ended by being bored with the unwearied demands of the artist. His picture of Paul III., painted in 1543, was a marvel, "combining the detail of a Fleming with the softness of Bellini, or the polish of Antonello, with breadth of plane, freedom of touch, and transparency of shadow peculiarly his own;" but the portrait of Paul III. did not obtain for Pomponio the looked-for benefice. Not solid profit, so much as praise and princely hospitality, and the offer of the "leaden seal," which could not be accepted without robbing Sebastian, was to be got from the hands of the pope. In September, 1545, thirty years after his earliest invitation, Titian visited Rome, with an escort of seven riders, payment of his journey, good company on the road, caresses, honors, and presents. He was welcomed by Bembo and the pope, and Vasari, an admirable guide, led him to the choicest antique and modern treasures of the city. At the age of sixty-eight it may be imagined that he had little to learn. That plastic period was over in which, under the influence of Raffaele and Buonarrotti, he might have ceased to be himself, might have imitated, and been lost. But even now, in his great picture of "Danaë," he borrowed with grace and skill, from the attitude of the Eros of Praxiteles, in the replica in the Vatican, proving that he was still alive to fresh and worthy influences in his art.

It may have been the misfortune of his friend Sansovino, whose new library fell in with ignominious ruin, that called Titian

back to Venice in 1546. At all events, on his return he helped his friend, as old nearly as himself. He returned to his domestic life, and to painting in various attitudes his beautiful daughter Lavinia. Though her marriage and dowry caused anxiety to an aged artist, whose pensions were not paid on quarter day with pleasing punctuality, still Lavinia and her brother, the industrious Orazio, consoled Titian for the misconduct of the pampered Pomponio. Looking at the old man's life, *ut in votiva tabella*, one sees little except the ingratitude of this son to check his even prosperity and ruffle his placid content. Aretino sympathized with him in this tribulation, and Titian no doubt consoled with his friend, who never secured the cardinal's hat which he had good reason to expect from Paul III. The pontiff was not deceived by the work on the penitential Psalms, with which Aretino about this time edified a pious public.

Now there was a great and universal demand for Titian's paintings, scraps, and sketches, for it was known that he meant to visit the emperor at Augsburg; the way was long and hard, and the painter might never return from the cold north to Venice and the sun. It was natural to reckon thus, for Titian had reached the term of threescore and ten when he set his face towards Augsburg. "With your license, *padrono mio unico*," he wrote to Cardinal Farnese, who wanted to detain him, "I shall go whither I am called, and returning, with the grace of God, I shall serve you with all the strength of the talents which I got from my cradle." "Who among us now would undertake Titian's journey," say MM. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "and visit Ceneda, Trent, and Innspruck in winter?" By reason of strength, in truth, the master made the long, cold, and laborious ride, and set to work in Augsburg so diligently, that he exhausted his colors, and in May he had to write to Aretino, asking that half a pound of lake might be sent by the first Imperial messenger. It was a gloomy court which he painted; Charles V., "the ghost of a kaiser," as the Protestants called him, who would sit alone when at dinner, and eat enormously; Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, an even less lovely man to look upon; John Frederick, a mournful captive and student of the Psalms, whose bloated frame grew more unwieldy in the constrained absence of his black armour and in his lack of exercise. Another painter was at Augsburg, Cranach, a friend of John Frederick, not of Charles. Cranach,

who had painted the kaiser as a child, was asked by him what he was like in those days. "Your majesty," said Cranach, "was eight years old when the emperor Maximilian took you by the hand and received the homage of the Belgian States. There was a teacher with you, who, seeing your restlessness, told me that iron or steel would attract your particular attention. I asked him to place a spear against a wall, so that the point should be turned towards you, and your Majesty's eye remained fixed on that point till I had done the picture." Cranach designed "the *Counterfet* of Thucia, the painter of Venice," at the time when Titian was busy with that too-successful portrait of Philip II., which won the maiden heart of Mary Tudor. Whether or not the queen "cut it out of the frame and threw it down," as in Mr. Tennyson's stage direction, in 1554 it was faithfully returned to Mary of Hungary. It is a strange link between the healthy and happy age of the painter who has given so much of the purest pleasure, and the bitter and blighted late youth of her who was so miserable, and a cause of so much misery.

In August, 1551, a more propitious season to travel in than the winter weather in which he rode to Augsburg, Titian returned to Venice. No less than twenty-five years of life and work were still before him, and now he actually painted a landscape which claimed to be nothing more than a landscape. It was a new departure, and had he been encouraged by patronage, Titian would have worked this fresh and rich vein. But the demand was all for Magdalenes and St. Johns, Danaes and Calistos, and Titian went on supplying these, and enjoying a luxurious life with his friends. His peaceful pleasure was saddened, when the hearts of kings were lightened, by Aretino's death. "The brute," as Antonio Pola styled him, died after a fall from his chair, caused by a violent explosion of laughter at a joke of his favorite sort. Titian was sorry, no doubt, and his biographers regret the cessation of Aretino's letters, but the satirist had enjoyed more than his share of meat and mirth and wine. Old Sansovino, too, whose wonderful digestion enabled him to eat six cucumbers and half a melon at one meal, did not long survive the satirist. It would be some consolation to Titian, that when Charles V. also escaped from his gloomy and premature old age in 1558, his successor made great efforts to secure the payment of the former's pensions. Titian's letters at this time are full of

his grievances. He made an honest penny by selling and valuing curiosities, and a dishonest gain by a fraudulent return of income, but the pension is always in his mind. The laborious Philip, with that attention to business which made him annotate his envoy's statement of the price of rhubarb, gave ear, as we have said already, to the old man's complaints. Titian continued to send his latest pictures to Philip, though they were received without thanks. After the battle of Lepanto, that "event" almost as "untoward" as Navarino in the eyes of the Turcophile, Titian did not attempt the commemorative design. Tintoretto succeeded to a broker's patent, as Titian had succeeded to that of Bellini. But it appears that even in his ninety-sixth year Titian would have painted a new battle-piece for the Signori, had he not been busy with a similar work for Philip of Spain. He had a new royal patron in Henri III., who visited him in 1574, on his way from Poland to France. In 1576 he was still writing that he expected further fruits of favor from Philip's royal benevolence. But the plague was at the door, and Titian was too dilatory in fleeing to the hill country. The painter made his last bargain with the Franciscans for a grave in the chapel "del Crocifisso." The bargain ended in a wrangle, but Titian gained his point after all, and dying on August 27, 1576, was buried in the place of his desire with great honor, even in that terror-stricken time of pestilence. His son Orazio did not long survive him, and thieves broke in and stole the priceless gems of the old man's collection.

Titian's life strikes one as having possessed all the fullness that the poet in "Empedocles on Etna" assigns to human existence in itself, without thought of a possible future.

Is it a little thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have
done;
To have helped friends and beat down baffling
foes?

All this Titian enjoyed for a full century, and because he did enjoy all this, nearly without the sorrows and trouble of Michael Angelo and Leonardo, he was the more perfect artist, and perhaps the less perfect man. In his days he had good things, and they too often evil things, and therefore they touch our hearts with a keen, far-off affection which Titian does not awaken.

A. LANG.

From The Examiner.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHARTON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE'S SORROWS.

"SUSAN," said Master Johnny Blythe to his sister—her name was Honoria, and therefore he called her Susan—"you have got yourself up uncommon smart to-night. I see how it is. You girls are all alike. As soon as one of you catches a fellow, you won't let him alone; you're all for pulling him off; you're like a lot of sparrows with one bit of bread amongst you."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Miss Honoria, with proud indifference.

"Oh, yes, you do," retorted Johnny, regarding himself in a mirror, and adjusting his white tie. "You don't catch a man like Balfour stopping down at Willowby three whole days in the middle of the session, and all for nothing. Then it was from Willowby he telegraphed he would come here to-night, after he had refused. Well, I wonder at poor old Syllabus; I thought she was a cut above a tea-and-coffee fellow. I suppose it's his 30,000% a year; at least, it would be in your case, Susan. Oh, I know. I know when you part your hair at the side you mean mischief. And so we shall have a battle-royal to-night—Susan *v.* Syllabus—and all about a grocer!"

Those brothers! The young lady whom Master Johnny treated with so much familiarity and disrespect was of an appearance to drive the fancies of a young man mad. She was tall, and slender, and stately; though she was scarcely eighteen there was something almost mature and womanly in her presence; she had large dark eyes, heavy-lidded; big masses of black hair tightly braided up behind to show her shapely neck; a face such as Gainsborough might have painted, young, and fresh, and pink; a chin somewhat too full, but round with the soft contour of girlhood. She was certainly very unlike her cousin, both in appearance and expression. Lady Sylvia's eyes were pensive and serious; this young woman's were full of practical life and audacity. Lady Sylvia's under lip retreated somewhat, and gave a sweet, shy, sensitive look to the fine face; whereas Honoria Blythe's under lip was full and round and ripe as a

cherry, and was in fit accordance with her frank and bold black eye.

Mrs. Blythe came into the drawing-room. She was a large and portly person, pale, with painted eyelashes, and unnaturally yellow hair. Lord Willowby had no great liking for his sister-in-law; he would not allow Sylvia to go on a visit to her; when he and his daughter came to town, as on the present occasion, they stopped at a private hotel in Arlington Street. Finally, the head of the house made his appearance. Major Blythe had all the physique that his elder brother, Lord Willowby, lacked. He was stout and roseate of face, bald for the most part, his eyes a trifle bloodshot, and his hand inclined to be unsteady, except when he was playing pool. He wore diamond studs; he said "by Gad;" and he was hotly convinced that Arthur Orton, who was then being tried, was not Arthur Orton at all, but Roger Tichborne. So much for the younger branch of the Blythe family.

As for the elder branch, Lord Willowby was at that moment seated in an easy-chair in a room in Arlington Street, reading the evening paper; while his daughter was in her own room, anxious as she never had been anxious before about her toilette and the services of the faithful Anne. Lady Sylvia had spent a miserable week. A week?—it seemed a thousand years rather; and as that portentous period had to be got through somehow, she had mostly devoted it to reading and re-reading six letters she had received from London, until every phrase and every word of these precious and secret documents was engraven on her memory. She had begun to reason with herself, too, about her hatred of the House of Commons. She tried hard to love that noble institution; she was quite sure, if only her father would take her over to Ballinasroon, she would go into every house, and shake hands with the people, and persuade them to let Mr. Balfour remain their representative when the next general election came round; and she wondered, moreover, whether, when her lover went away on that perilous mission of his through the slums of Westminster, she could not, too, as well as he, put on some mean attire, and share with him the serious dangers and discomforts of that wild enterprise.

And now she was about to meet him; and a great dread possessed her lest her relatives should discover her secret. Again and again she pictured to herself

the forthcoming interview; and her only safety seemed to be in preserving a cold demeanor and a perfect silence, so that she should escape the shame of being suspected.

The Blythes lived in a small and rather poorly furnished house in Dean Street, Park Lane; Lord Willowby and his daughter had not far to drive. When they went into the drawing-room, Lady Sylvia dared scarcely look around; it was only as she was being effusively welcomed by her aunt that she became vaguely aware that Mr. Balfour was not there. Strange as it may appear, his absence seemed to her a quick and glad relief. She was anxious, perturbed, eager to escape from a scrutiny on the part of her relatives, which she more than half expected. But when she had shaken hands with them all, and when the two or three strangers present began to talk those staccato commonplaces which break the frigid silence before dinner, she was in a measure left to herself; and it was then that—not heeding in the least the chatter of Master Johnny—she began to fear. Had he already adventured on that Haroun al Raschid enterprise, and been stopped by a gang of thieves? There was a great outcry at this time about railway accidents; was it possible that—Or was he merely detained at the House of Commons? She forgot that the House does not sit on Wednesday evenings.

She was standing near the entrance to the room, apparently listening to Master Johnny, when she heard a knock at the door below. Then she heard footsteps on the narrow staircase, which made her heart beat. Then a servant announced Mr. Balfour. Her eyes were downcast.

Now Balfour, as he came in, ought to have passed her as if she had been a perfect stranger, and gone on and addressed himself, first of all, to his hostess. But he did nothing of the kind.

"How do you do, Lady Sylvia?" said he, and he stopped and shook hands with her.

She never saw him at all. Her eyes were fixed on the floor; and she did not raise them. But she placed her trembling hand in his for a moment, and murmured something, and then experienced an infinite relief when he went on towards Mrs. Blythe.

She was glad, too, when she saw that he was to take his hostess in to dinner. Had they heard of this secret, might they not, as a sort of blundering compliment, have asked him to take her in? As it was, she

fell to the lot of a German gentleman, who knew very little English, and was anxious to practise what little he knew, but who very soon gave up the attempt on finding his companion about the most silent and reserved person whom he had ever sat next at dinner. He was puzzled, indeed. She was an earl's daughter, and presumably had seen something of society. She had a pale, interesting, beautiful face, and thoughtful eyes; she must have received enough attention in her time. Was she too proud, then, he thought, to bother with his broken phrases?

The fact was, that throughout that dinner the girl had eyes and ears but for one small group of people—her cousin and Balfour, who were sitting at the further corner of the table, apparently much interested in each other. If Lady Sylvia was silent, the charge could not be brought against Honoria Blythe. That young lady was as glib a chatterer as her brother; she knew everything that was going on; with the bright audacity of seventeen she gossiped and laughed, and addressed merry or deprecating glances to her companion, who sat and allowed himself to be amused with much good-humored coolness. What were poor Sylvia's serious efforts to attain some knowledge of public affairs compared with this fluent familiarity which touched upon everything at home and abroad? Sylvia had tried to get at the rights and wrongs of a question then being talked about—the propriety of allowing laymen to preach in Church of England pulpits: now she heard her cousin treat the whole affair as a joke. There was nothing that that young lady did not know something about; and she chatted on with an artless vivacity, sometimes making fun, sometimes gravely appealing to him for information. Had he heard of the old lady who became insane in the Horticultural Gardens yesterday? Of course, he was going to Christie's to-morrow; they expected that big landscape would fetch twelve hundred guineas. What a shame it was for Limerick to treat Lord and Lady Spencer so! She positively adored Mr. Plimsoll. What *would* people say if the shah did really bring three of his wives to England, and would they all go about with him?

Poor Sylvia listened, and grew sick at heart. Was not this the sort of girl to interest and amuse a man; to cheer him when he was fatigued; to enter into all his projects and understand him? Was

she not strikingly handsome, too, this tall girl with the heavy-lidded eyes, and the cherry mouth, and the full round chin curving into the shapely neck? She admitted all these things to herself; but she did not love her cousin any the more. She grew to think it shameful that a young girl should make eyes at a man like that. Was she not calling the attention of the whole table to herself and to him? Her talking, her laughing, the appealing glances of those audacious black eyes—all these things sank deeper and deeper into the heart of one silent observer, who did not seem to be enjoying herself much.

As for Balfour, he was obviously amused, and doubtless he was pleased at the flattering attention which this fascinating young lady paid him. He had found himself seated next her by accident; but as she was apparently so anxious to talk to him, he could not well do otherwise than neglect (as Lady Sylvia thought) Mrs. Blythe, whom he had actually taken into dinner. And was it not clear, too, that he spoke in a lower voice than she did, as though he would limit their conversation to themselves? When she asked him to tell them all that was thought among political folks of the Radical victories at the French elections, why should he address the answer to herself alone? And was it not too shameless of this girl—at least, so Lady Sylvia thought—who ought to have been at school, to go on pretending that she was greatly interested in General Dorregaray, the king of Sweden, and such persons, merely that she should show off her knowledge to an absolute stranger?

Lady Sylvia sat there, with a sense of wrong and humiliation burning into her heart. Not once, during the whole of that dinner, did he address a single word to her; not once did he even look towards her. All his attention was monopolized by that bold girl who sate beside him. And this was the man who, but a few days before, had been pretending that he cared for nothing in the world so much as a walk through Willowby Park with the mistress thereof, who had then no thought for anything but herself, no words or looks for any one but her.

Lady Sylvia was seated near the door, and when the ladies left the room, she was one of the first to go. You would not have imagined that underneath that sweet and gracious carriage, which charmed all beholders except one ungrateful young man, there was burning a fierce

fire of wrong, and shame, and indignation. She walked into the drawing-room and went into a further corner; and took a book—on the open page of which she did not see a single word.

The men came in. Balfour went over, and took a seat beside her.

"Well, Sylvia," said he, lightly, "I suppose you won't stay here long. I am anxious to introduce you to Lady—; and there is to be a whole batch of Indian or Afghan princes there to-night—their costumes make such a difference in a room. When do you think you will go?"

She hesitated; her heart was full; had they been alone, she would probably have burst into tears. As it was, he never got any answer to his question. A tall young lady came sweeping by at the moment.

"Mr. Balfour," she said, with a sweet smile, "will you open the piano for me?"

And again Lady Sylvia sate alone, and watched these two. He stood by the side of the piano as the long tapering fingers—Honoraria had beautifully-formed hands, every one admitted—began to wander over the keys; and the dreamy music that began to fill the silence of the room seemed to lend something of imagination and pathos to a face that otherwise had little in it beyond merely physical beauty. She played well, too; with perfect self-possession; her touch was light, and on these dreamy passages there was a rippling as of falling water in some enchanted cave. Then down went both hands with a crash on the keys; all the air seemed full of cannonading and musketry fire; her finely-formed bust seemed to have the delight of physical exercise in it as those tightly-sleeved and shapely arms banged this way and that; those beautiful lips were parted somewhat with her breathing. Lady Sylvia did not think much of her cousin's playing. It was coarse, theatrical, all for display. But she had to confess to herself that Honoraria was a beautiful girl, who promised to become a beautiful woman; and what wonder, therefore, if men were glad to regard her, now as she sat upright there, with the fire and passion of her playing lending something of heroism and inspiration to her face?

That men should: yes, that was right enough; but that this one man should—that was the bitter thing. Surely he had not forgotten that it was but one week since she had assigned over to him the keeping of her whole life; and was this the fashion in which he was showing his gratitude? She had looked forward to this one evening with many happy fancies.

She would see him; one look would confirm the secret between them. All the torturing anxieties of absence would be banished so soon as she could reassure herself by hearing his voice, by feeling the pressure of his hand. She had thought and dreamt of this evening in the still woodland ways, until her heart beat rapidly with a sense of her coming happiness; and now this disappointment was too bitter. She could not bear it.

She went over to her father.

"Papa," she said, "I wish to go. Don't let me take you; I can get to the hotel by myself —"

"My dear child!" said he, with a stare, "I thought you particularly wanted to go to — House, after what Balfour told you about the staircase and the flowers —"

"I — I have a headache," said the girl. "I am tired. Please let me go by myself, papa."

"Not at all, child," said he. "I will go whenever you like."

Then she besought him not to draw attention to their going. She would privately bid good-night to Mrs. Blythe; to no one else. If he came out a couple of seconds after she left the room he would find her waiting.

"You must say good-by to Balfour," said Lord Willowby; "he will be dreadfully disappointed."

"I don't think it is necessary," said Lady Sylvia, coldly. "He is too much engaged — he won't notice our going."

Fortunately, their carriage had been ordered early, and they had no difficulty in getting back to the hotel. On the way, Lady Sylvia did not utter a word.

"I will bid you good-night now, papa," said she, as soon as they had arrived.

He paused for a moment, and looked at her.

"Sylvia," said he, with some concern, "you look really ill. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," she said. "I am tired a little, and I have a headache. Good-night, papa."

She went to her own room, but not to sleep. She declined the attentions of her maid, and locked herself in. Then she took out a small packet of letters.

Were these written by the same man? She read, and wondered, with her heart growing sorer and sorer, until a mist of tears came over her eyes, and she could see no more. And then, her grief becoming more passionate, she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a wild fit of crying and sobbing, the letters being clutched in

her hand, as if they, at least, were one possession that could not be taken away from her. That was a bitter night — never to be forgotten; and when the next day came, she went down — with a pale and tired face, and with dark rings under the beautiful, sad eyes — and demanded of her father that she should be allowed at once to return to Willowby Hall, her maid alone accompanying her.

From The Philadelphia Press.

BURNS AND WASHINGTON.

ROBERT BURNS, born in January, 1759, was not seventeen years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia. Not until the following year did he write the first poem of his (eulogizing a lass under the name of "Handsome Nell") that has been discovered and preserved, and his compositions between 1777 and 1783, when the American War was ended, were neither numerous nor important. The fecundity of his genius became apparent, in the number and merit of his productions, between the latter date and the summer of 1786, when his poems were first collected and published in book form. It was his youth, then, when our War of Independence was in progress, and at its conclusion, that prevented Burns, a man of the most liberal opinions, from alluding to it or to its heroes in his verse. In his second edition, in 1787, he introduced "A Fragment" of nine stanzas, narrating, in the quaintly familiar language of a rustic, the events of, and connected with, the American War. As a poem this is poor, and chiefly to be valued as showing its author's political feeling.

It has been regarded as singular that Burns, who cannot have been ignorant of Washington's career as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," did not allude to him in prose or verse. Yet, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlap, in June, 1794, only two years before his death, he says: "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road" (he wrote, he said, "in a solitary inn, in a solitary village, of Castle Douglas"). "The subject is 'Liberty.' You know, my honored friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms I come to Scotland, thus: —

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?

Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Here it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!

Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
Disturb ye not the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.

Is this the power in freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?

"With the additions of, —

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Braved Usurpation's boldest daring;
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed the despot's proudest bearing:
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, power-
less age."

It was not known to the general public
that this poem, begun nearly sixty-three
years ago, was ever completed. All who
admire Burns, and their name is legion,
will be glad to see it in full. It runs thus:

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No Spartan tale, no Attic shell,
No lyre Eolian I awake:
'Tis liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take.
See, gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared!
No more the despot of Columbia's race;
A tyrant's proudest insults braved,
They shout, a people freed! they hail an em-
pire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold,
That eye that can, unmoved, behold
The wildest rage, the wildest storm,
That e'er created fury dared to raise?
Avant! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod;
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Can'st laud the arm that struck the insulting
blow?

Art thou of man's imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the royalty of
man.

Alfred, on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot
lyre,
And roused the free-born Briton's soul of fire.
No more thy England own.

Dare injured nations form the great design
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honor braving,
England in thunder calls — "The tyrant's cause
is mine!"

That hour accurst, how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell thro' all her confines raise th' exult-
ing voice —

That hour which saw the generous English
name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting
shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Famed for the martial deed, the heaven-taught
song,

To thee I turn with swimming eyes.
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
Dark quenched as yonder sinking star,
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste
of war.

Judging from internal evidence, there
can be no doubt of the authenticity of this
lay of liberty, although it has never ap-
peared in any edition of Burns. To Mrs.
Dunlap, the gentle, highly intellectual, and
well-informed lady, who, on the first acci-
dental perusal of "The Cotter's Saturday
Night," solicited his acquaintance, and
was his best and wisest friend ever after,
Burns had communicated a few stanzas of
his Washington ode, and we find them in
the above poem with a few alterations,
which prove the authorship. Considering
that when he wrote it Burns was himself
an official under "the despot" he con-
demned, and that he seems to have en-
dorsed the execution of poor Louis Ca-
pet, a weak rather than a bad man, it must
be confessed that the poet was as bold as
thoughtless. As it is, the poem evidently
did not receive its maker's latest touches.

The question, "Whence comes it
now?" is to be answered in a little narra-
tive. About the year 1833 William Wil-
son, of gentle blood and culture, arrived
in the United States, with his family, from
Scotland, and settled in Poughkeepsie, on
the Hudson, as bookseller and publisher,
and continued there until his death, in his
fifty-ninth year, in August, 1860. Like

Pope, he might have said: "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." He was an early friend of the late Robert Chambers. Between 1826 and his emigration to this country Mr. Wilson had contributed, most acceptably, to *Blackwood's Magazine*, H. G. Bell's *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, *Chambers' Journal*, and other periodicals, and he continued to write, chiefly poetry, all his life. A selection of his poems, edited by Benson J. Lossing, appeared in 1870, and a second edition was published in 1875.

William Wilson, himself "one of the mildest-mannered men that ever lived," must have had fighting blood in his veins. His eldest brother was with Wellington in all his Peninsula battles, and finally at Waterloo. Three of his own sons were in the army of the Union during the civil war, and one was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. General James Grant Wilson, one of his sons, who served all through the war, and rose to his rank by good conduct and bravery, is a distinguished man of letters, best known, perhaps, as the editor and biographer of Fitz-Greene Halleck. His latest, which promises to be a perpetually popular work, is "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," published some months ago, by Harper & Brothers, New York. It gives a comprehensive view of Scottish song, from Thomas the Rhymer, who wrote in the thirteenth century, to the Marquis of Lorne, born in 1845, whose narrative poem of "Guido and Lita," with illustrations by the Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, was published in 1875, and is now in the third edition.

In this work is the essence, so to say, of six centuries of Scottish song. Two hundred and twenty poets of "auld Caledonia" are thus made known to the world, by specimens of their best productions, prefaced, in every instance, by biographical notices of the poets and their productions, with impartial criticisms. General Wilson has given several poems in full, such as Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Beattie's "Minstrel," Blair's "Grave," John Home's "Douglas," John Grahame's "Sabbath" and Pollok's "Course of Time," which, notwithstanding their merit, are out of print. He also gives, printed from the author's autograph, the ode which we print to-day, and unpublished poems by several other Scottish writers. In an appendix will be found some waifs worthy of preservation. Each volume opens with a list of authors and the specimens selected. There is an in-

dex of the titles of the poems, ballads, dramatic pieces, etc., an index of the first lines of the songs, and also an excellent and copious glossary. Ten portraits of eminent writers, engraved on steel, suitably illustrate these volumes.

A short time ago the *London Times*, noticing this work, complained that, "with the exception of Douglas of Fingland, whose beautiful and well-known ballad of 'Annie Laurie' is relegated to the appendix, the earliest writer quoted is Thomas Campbell," and asked why Allan Ramsay, William Dunbar, Sir David Lyndesay, the Marquis of Montrose—even Robert Burns and Walter Scott—had not been mentioned. In a subsequent notice the critic had to confess that not General Wilson, but himself, had made a mistake—the fact being that the critic had seen only the *second* volume, in which, beginning with Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, only the Scottish poetry of the present century is dealt with! So rarely has the Jupiter Tonans of European journalism been "caught napping" that this instance is worth noticing—particularly as it affects the character of the book in question. There are no extracts from W. E. Aytoun, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers"—simply because Messrs. Blackwood, his publishers, refused their permission to have any made.

From The Leisure Hour.

AMERICANISMS.

THE signboards are instructive. One of them represents the establishment as a "dry-goods store," the name for haberdashery; another bears the whimsical legend, "notions," representing small-wares of various kinds. Our maid herself has ceased to be a "servant," and we, who are king and queen of our domestic castle, are no more "master" and "missus." The free air of the country in which all are "citizens" and no "subjects" has raised the servant to be a "help," and her employer to be "governor" or "boss," or, if slang is to be avoided, "Mr. A." or "Mrs. A." A "biscuit" is a soft bun, and a hard English biscuit is called a "cracker." Notes representing a number of dollars are called "bills;" small notes of ten or twenty-five or fifty cents are "greenbacks," or "change." "Potatoes" are either "sweet potatoes" or "Irish potatoes" (also termed "white potatoes"). "Lumber" signifies timber, or sawed boards. "Deal" is unknown as a specifica-

tion of a kind of wood, but the wood itself is abundant, and is called "white pine." "Vine" is used generically for any climbing plant, and the common phraseology runs of "grapevine," "ivy-vine," and again of "poison ivy." English terms of natural history are misapplied in a country where the species vary from those of Great Britain. The American "robin" is a large red-breasted thrush; the "haw" is a kind of plum-tree; "daisy" is not the sweet, crimson-tipped flower of home. "Clever" does not indicate mental ability (which is expressed by "able" or "smart"), but means generosity of spirit. The accent and tone of words is sometimes peculiar. *Mamma* and *papa*, with accent on the first syllable, are universal, and we give testimony with long o, not testimony, as in Europe. . . . The peculiarities of expression may be traced to various sources. The American Indians have left their mark extensively in geographical names, and also in a few words which persist in the language of the country: as "hominy," for food prepared from Indian corn. Some of their words, as canoe, calumet, wigwam, tomahawk, and pemmican, are becoming classical English terms. "Maize" originated in the West Indies; "cob," expressing its head deprived of the seeds, and "shuck" for its husks, are probably Indian words, as is the widely-known "tobacco." "Guano" is Peruvian for "dung." "Corn" is employed in the United States for Indian corn. "Porridge," made of oatmeal, is called "mush," or "oatmeal mush," or simply "oatmeal" (and is partaken of, sup by sup, along with coffee or beefsteak, as is cheese with apple-tart or other sweets). "Supper" means the English "tea," saving that *tea* is rarely used at it, coffee being the national beverage. "Cookey" (a Christmas cake), "doughnuts" (balls of sweetened dough, fried), "bush" (land covered with rank shrubbery), and "boss" (employer or overseer), are of Dutch parentage. "Prairie" is French; and quite a large number are Spanish, as mulatto, quadroon, creole, filibuster, savannah, stampede. Germans, negroes, and Chinese have also made their mark in the popular vocabulary. . . . Some of the Americanisms savor of slang; thus to "run" a concern or to run a church, is to manage its finances; and if the affair "comes to grief," as the English say, "Brother Jonathan" remarks that it has "gone up a spout;" if it is only in difficulties, then he says "it is gone up a tree" (like an opossum

when hunted). The "hub," or nose of a cart-wheel, means the centre of refinement, and having been applied to Boston by one of its own citizens, the name stuck. Skedaddle is a Scotch (or Greek) term Americanized, and is retained because of its odd sound. "Scallawag" is a very pithy designation for one who is a loafer and scamp combined. The English "chimney-pot" hats are not so known in the United States, but are called "stove-pipe hats." "He's a goner" signifies that he is ruined in fortune and health; and "he's played out" indicates that he is without resource, that his last card had been played and failed. "Nine cheers and a tiger" is a call for the applause to be backed by such a yell as is only heard in American election meetings. Some of the slang as "prospecting," "cantankerous," has been imported to England. "Sundown" and "sun-up" need no explanation; nor does the "fall" for autumn. "Varmin" means all sorts of wild animals.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

BELIEF IN A CREATOR.

FEW results of ethnology are more interesting than the wide-spread belief among savages, arrived at purely by their own reasoning faculties, in a Creator of things. The recorded instances of such a belief are, indeed, so numerous as to make it doubtful whether instances to the contrary may not have been based on too scant information. The difficulty of obtaining sound evidence on such subjects is well illustrated by the experience of Dobritzhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, who spent seven years among the Abipones of South America; for when he asked whether the wonderful course of the stars and heavenly bodies had never raised in their minds the thought of an invisible being who had made and guided them, he got for answer that of what happened in heaven, or of the maker or ruler of the stars, the ancestors of the Abipones had never cared to think, having enough to trouble themselves with in providing grass and water for their horses. Yet the Abipones really believed that they had been created by an Indian like themselves, whose name they mentioned with great reverence, and whom they spoke of as their "grandfather," because he had lived so long ago. He is still, they fancy, to be seen in the Pleiades; and when that constellation disappears for some months from the sky, they bewail the illness of

their grandfather, and congratulate him on his recovery when he returns in May. Still, the creator of savage reasoning is not necessarily a creator of all things, but only of some, like Caliban's Setebos, who made the moon and the sun, and the isle and all things on it,

But not the stars; the stars came otherwise.

So that it is possible the creator of the Abipones was merely their deified first ancestor. For on nothing is savage thought more confused than on the connection between the first man who lived on the world and the actual creator of the world, as if in the logical need of a first cause they had been unable to divest it of human personality, or as if the natural idea of a first man had led to the idea of his having created the world. Thus Greenlanders are divided as to whether Kaliak was really the creator of all things, or only the first man who sprang from the earth. The Minnetarrees, of North America, believe that at first everything was water, and there was no earth at all, till the first man, the man who never dies, the lord of life, who has his dwelling in the Rocky Mountains, sent down the great red-eyed bird to bring up the earth. The Mingo tribes, also, "revere and make offerings to the first man, he who was saved at the great deluge, as a powerful deity under the master of life, or even as identified with him;" whilst among the Dog-ribs the first man, Chapewee, was also creator of the sun and moon. The Zulus of Africa similarly merge the ideas of the first man and the creator, the great Unkulunkulu; as also do the Caribs, who believe that Louquo, the uncreated first Carib, descended from heaven to make the earth, and also to become the father of men. It seems, therefore, not improbable that savage speculation, being more naturally impelled to assume a cause for men than a cause for other things, postulated a first man as primeval ancestor, and then applying an hypothesis, which served so well to account for their own existence, to account for that of the world in general, made the father of men the creator of all things; in other words, that the idea of a first man preceded and prepared the way for the idea of a first cause.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
FANS.

THE manufacture of fans is an important branch of industry in Japan, and no

fewer than three million fans, valued at ninety thousand dollars, were, according to Mr. Consul Annesley's commercial report on Hiogo and Osaka, lately issued, exported from those ports in 1875. Osaka is the principal city for manufacture of the *ogi*, or folding fans, which are those almost exclusively exported, all descriptions of the bamboo kind being made there, the figures, writing, etc., being executed in Kiyôto. The principle of division of labor, as explained in an extract from the *Hiogo News* quoted by Consul Annesley, is carried out a long way in this branch of industry. The bamboo ribs of the fans are made by private people in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part is left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handles according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns that he thinks will be salable, and when the blocks have been cut decides what colors are to be used for each part of the design, and what different sheets are to be used for the opposite sides of each fan. When these sheets with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs have been handed over to the workman, he, in the first instance, folds them so that they will retain the crease. This is done by putting them between two pieces of heavily oiled paper, which are properly creased. The fans are then folded up together and placed under pressure. When sufficient time has elapsed the sheets are taken out and the moulds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire, are then taken and set into their places on one of the sheets after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining piece of paper. The fan is folded up and opened three or four times before the folds get into proper shape, and by the time it is put by to dry it has received an amount of handling Japanese paper alone would endure. When the insides are dry the riveting of the pieces together (including the outer covering) is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan. The highest-priced fan that was ever used in the days of seclusion from the outer world was not more than five *yen*. Since foreigners have been in Japan, however, some

few have been made to order as dear as ten and fifteen dollars each. The general prices of ordinary fans range from fifty *sen* per one hundred to fifteen *yen* per hundred, though an extraordinarily costly fan is turned out at fifty *yen* per hundred. The number of fans ordered for the Philadelphia Exhibition alone amounted to over eight hundred thousand; at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars. The sale of fans in olden times seldom exceeded ten thousand a year for the whole country.

OF THE
CITY OF
PUBLIC LIBRARY
MY QUEST.

LONG had I wavered 'twixt belief and doubt,
This way and that, turning my faith about,
To keep the truth, and sift the error out.

But which was truth — which error? Could I
read
God's hidden meanings in his word and deed
Straight on, and squarely fashion out my creed?

Could I lift up my daring gaze on high
And clearly his infinitude descry,
Whose earthly government I read awry?

Seeking with anxious heart, though still in vain,
To solve the mystery of sin and pain,
Holding God's image bound in earthly chain,

"I would" forever shackled by "I must,"
Souls made for Heaven all fouled with earthly
dust,
And sin and sorrow rife — while he is just!

Such thoughts as these were ever at my side,
Blind questionings that would not be denied,
Problems I could not solve, nor thrust aside.

Until at times I scarce could look above,
And recognize his Fatherhood of love,
Who made the vulture as he made the dove.

And when in page of Holy Writ I sought
Rest for my troubled and bewildered thought,
I found more puzzling questions than I brought.

Could I the prophet's awful gift define,
And with unerring finger draw the line
Between man's teachings and the lore divine?

Rightly the word of truth divide, and know
Which things are types that heavenly forms
do show,
And which but shadows of the shapes below?

Yet where both saint and sage had sought in
vain
Evangelist and prophet to explain.
My troubled spirit needs must seek again.

I longed to hold a faith by reason tried,
And, casting every half belief aside,
In certainties at last rest satisfied.

But who can clear his motives' tangled maze,
Sure that no prejudice nor passion sways,
Nor habit and the love of early days?

So that with single heart and steady aim,
Unswayed by human ties, or fear of blame,
He may take on him the disciple's name?

Too hard the task for me — I could not bind
The throng of hopes and wishes in my mind,
And calmly seek the truth I feared to find.

So, sore perplexed, I wrestled with my heart,
Loving the old beliefs too well to part,
While fearing yet affection's subtle art.

My hold on truth seemed lessening day by day,
The ancient landmarks failed to point the way;
I could not reason, I could only pray

That he who gladly hungry souls doth feed
Might give me what was lacking to my need,
And into ways of truth my footsteps lead.

And while my strong desire to God I brought,
That he would grant the light and peace I
sought,
These words of Christ sprang sudden to my
thought, —

"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."
No more — no mystic dogma to believe,
Only a thread in each day's life to weave;

Only a common duty, in such wise
Transfigured by new light, that straight my
eyes

Saw how above all truth *true loving* lies;

Saw that, forgetful of my own soul's need,
Filling my life with gracious thought and deed,
I might leave time — and God — to shape my
creed.

My prayer was answered; not as I had thought,
I had not found the knowledge that I sought,
To live without it was the lesson taught.

The end of all my long and weary quest
Is only failure; yet a sense of rest,
Of deep, unwonted quiet, fills my breast.

And though some vexing doubts still hold
their place,
Yet is my faith no measure for his grace,
Whose hand still holds me though he hide his
face.

And day by day I think I read more plain
This crowning truth, that, spite of sin and
pain,
No life that God has given is lived in vain;

But each poor, weak, and sin-polluted soul
Shall struggle free at last, and reach its goal,
A perfect part of God's great perfect whole.

My heart believes — yet still I long for light;
Surely the morning cometh after night,
When Faith, the watcher, shall give place to
sight!

